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Poetry.

MY DAUGHTER.

There came to port, last Monday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

She has no manifest but this—
No flag floats o'er the water—
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out wild bells—and fame ones too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! Ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink!
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

MOTHER'S SLIPPER.

It's mighty curi'us, so it is, how these here poets try
To bring a sympathetic tear to some poor fellor's eyes;
A-rhymin' and a-singin' of a mother's love and care,
An' touchin' on her faded gown, or stout, old-fashioned chair.
But none of 'em, I've noticed, an' I've wondered over and over,
Has sung about the slipper that my good old mother wore.

I recollect as well as if 'twas on'y yesterday
When it seemed a dreadful waste of time to study 'stead o' play
With other little youngsters who were hookin' off from school
An' goin' to the swimmin'-hole, so shady, deep and cool.
An' many a time I'd missed my chance through learnin's heights to soar,
Ef 'tweren't for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

An' later when the female sex began to interest
An' other fellers called on gals, all dressed up in their best,
She knowed that though I couldn't keep myself to save my life,
That like as not I'd undertake the supportin' of a wife;
But I waited for mature years and her whom I adore,
All owin' to the slipper that my good old mother wore.

She's a settin' in her arm-chair now, a smilin' all benign,
A-talkin' to our neighbors 'bout that "grown-up son of mine,"
An' while full of all the time she felt obliged myself to whale,
To keep me out of prison, or at very least from jail;
An' she allers makes me own that I'd been there long before,
Ef it wasn't for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

Our Literary Gallery.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Miss Nannie DuBois had a great many suitors. It was generally conceded, however, that only two had any chance of winning her. Mr. Jack Minturn and Mr. Bob Brandow were the only ones who rode to hounds, and as Miss Nannie was an enthusiastic follower of the Willow Brook pack, her friends concluded, and quite correctly, as it proved, that when she made her choice she would become either Mrs. Minturn or Mrs. Brandow. Those who took the trouble to form an opinion as to which of the two gentlemen it would be, did Jack would undoubtedly be the favorite one. He was the handsomer, rode if anything a trifle better than his rival, and during the fall of 1883 was temporary master of the Foxhounds, hunting the pack with great skill. Moreover, he was more of a ladies' man and quite as well fixed as Bob financially. But at the close of the autumn season of 1883-84 Miss Nannie engagement was announced. The following fall the gentleman built a number of extensions and additions to his little hunting box, reconstructed his stables, bought some new hunters, and for two years he and Miss Nannie, now Mrs. Brandow, hunted even more enthusiastically than before in their younger days.

Jack Minturn went to the south of France for the seasons of 1884 and 1885. He told his friends that he had long wished to try some hunting there, and now he had an excellent opportunity. His friends smiled. Some even ventured to openly poke fun at him.

When the Willow Brook club met at Delmonico's, in the midwinter of 1885-86, to elect officers for the ensuing year, it was found that Mr. Bob Brandow and another gentleman had set their hearts upon being Master of the Fox-hounds, and furthermore it was discovered that each felt his claim to be just and equal, and in case of his opponent's election he (the defeated candidate) had but one course to pursue—to resign. The position was decidedly awkward, especially as the club was very evenly divided about the rival candidates. A serious break was imminent.

Now it so happened that Jack Minturn arrived home in New York from his temporary sojourn abroad on the very day of the Willow Brook elections, and, dropping into Delmonico's after several intfectual ballots had been taken, was pounced upon by the contending factions as a compromise candidate. He admitted that his hunters were on the way across the ocean, and that he intended to hunt during the coming year, protested that he could not think of such an honor as the Master of the Foxhounds, and was unanimously elected in the midst of his protestations. He of course accepted.

And so it came to pass that when the frost got out of the ground Jack Minturn was once more not only an active member of the Willow Brook, but was handling the pack.

Bob felt not a particle of resentment, and was glad to see him hunting again. Mrs. Brandow was delighted to see "her old friend" back. She chided him prettily for having deserted the Willow Brook for so long, utterly ignoring the commonly conceded cause of his desertion, told him to immediately and thoroughly outfeat how the pack "had been too fast and too slow" during his absence, and from the very beginning treated him quite as cordially as if she had not been the cause of his two years' absence.

Jack Minturn became very attentive to Mrs. Brandow. It was quite natural. He was Master of the Hounds; she was probably the best lady rider in the club; facts which in themselves led to certain courtesies on his part. As time went on, he became quite devoted, and she, to say the least, did not discourage him.

As the season advanced, Bob became, not jealous—nobody is jealous nowadays—but a little uncomfortable. Of course, he cared nothing about himself. He would not have given it a thought had it not been for outsiders; he feared they were enjoying mental chuckles at his expense. This was the last thing in the spring. By the fall he was ready to admit that he did care. His views on the subject had become more and more positive until he had reached a state of mind best described as volcanic. Mrs. Brandow may or may not have been aware of his mental perturbation. She paraded no alarming signs of it. She was young, very young, having been married before she was out of her teens.

II.

One afternoon late in October Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brandow stood on the veranda of their hunting box waiting for the horses to be brought around. Mrs. Brandow's dainty form never looked daintier than when incased in brown habit, her cheeks were already colored by the sharp autumn air, her deep blue eyes sparkled in anticipation of the afternoon's sport. Altogether she made a very pretty picture, but Bob was in no mood to enjoy it. He paced up and down with measured stride and closely-knit brow, thumping his boot top with his crop at every step in total disregard of the polish so lustrously bestowed upon the uncfeending top by the stable boy.

"Kierney tells me," he said, finally wheeling to a standstill before his wife, "that you have ordered Lord Bothwell's shoes changed to-morrow without fail, and he something about Minturn's riding him on Thursday."

Mrs. Brandow straightened up. She had been sitting on the veranda rail, and with a determined tightening of her pretty lips, which was little in keeping with her mild, almost careless tone, said, looking straight at her husband:

"Well?"

"Well!" he repeated, "I don't see why you should supply Minturn with horses; if he can't run the pack with the horses he has let him take one of the whips' mounts, or get horses enough to have a spare one when he needs it. I don't see why we should forever be placing our stables at his disposal. I'm tired of it," and the speaker began to punish his boot top again.

"Did you wish to use Lord Bothwell on Thursday?" asked his wife, calmly.

"Of course not!" was the reply, in tones of disgust. "I don't care anything about the horse. It's this everlasting taking trouble for Minturn that I object to. It's Minturn this, Minturn that, until I'm tired of it. You know very well how attentive he was to you before we were married, [Mrs. Brandow's cheeks became a shade rosier, and her eyes lost for a moment their steadiness] and I think it's decidedly bad form for him to be always at your side, and decidedly bad form for you to encourage him. You had your choice and could have chosen him if you had wished, but you didn't, and now [savagely] however much you may regret your choice, you ought at least to act with propriety and discourage the marked attention he has the bad taste to pay you. You must not let him have Lord Bothwell for Thursday," and the speaker paused much out of breath. He felt relieved by the outburst, and watched his wife closely to see what the effect would be upon her. She looked very angry, angrier than he had ever seen her before, but not at all disconcerted. "I most certainly shall let Mr. Minturn have Lord Bothwell," she said with astonishing control of her voice, "for I have promised. As to the rest of your remarks it is beneath me to answer them. I will say, however, that if I had 'chosen differently,' I might now have a husband willing to display more reason than you choose to. After Thursday, sir, I shall not hunt. I shall visit mamma or do something. I shall most certainly place myself beyond another disagreeable attack like this. Here is the horses," and before Bob could reply Mrs. Brandow swept with minicture majesty down the path to the roadway, and was about to allow her groom to help her to the saddle when a voice at her elbow checked her.

"Pardon me, let me assist," and Jack Minturn, who had ridden up almost noiselessly on the turf, gave the aid asked of the groom. "I thought I'd stop for you," he said, speaking to Bob, who had reached the road by this time, quite as much as to Mrs. Brandow, "as I saw you were about ready. We've lots of time," consulting his watch.

"We are glad you did," said Mrs. Brandow, graciously. "What a glorious day we have." Bob said not a word. He was bewildered at the position his wife had taken so quickly and calmly; his discomfiture was increased by the appearance of the cause of all the trouble. He rode in silence a few rods, then said abruptly, addressing his wife with pointed emphasis, "I think I'd ride around and pick up Moulton. You don't need me now that Minturn's here," and he wheeled his horse.

"Very well," said Mrs. Brandow in the sweetest of tones and continued the vivacious conversation she had already started with the Master of the Foxhounds without noticing her husband's fling.

III.

Bob did not pick Moulton up. In fact he knew very well, when he said he intended to, that Moulton did not hunt that day. He rode along to "The Corners" where the hounds were to be cast, and arriving just as the pack gave cry and went off.

During the first half of the run, the pace was moderate and he saw his wife a number of times. She was riding well to the front each time he caught sight of her, and the Master of the Foxhounds was at her side. Bob was not watching Mrs. Brandow. The truth is he had come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake and gone too far. Her determined avowal to stop hunting frightened him. He began to plan how he could best make peace. He did not admit that he had been wrong in remonstrating, but felt that his remonstrance had been rather too strong.

He was in no mood for hard riding, and toward the end of the run fell far in the rear, riding along in an absent sort of a way, taking to the roads frequently and following the distant cry of the pack half-consciously. He finally, quite unexpectedly found himself at the finish, or rather at the spot where the finish had been, for the whip and the pack had vanished and most of the riders had started back to the kennels. A few stragglers remained, breathing their weary horses and stretching their own limbs, cramped by their long run.

As Bob appeared, a groom leading a weary and a fresh horse approached him. It was Kierney leading Mrs. Brandow's tired hunter and the hack which was to carry Bob home.

"Mrs. Brandow has gone on, sir," said Kierney, as his master mechanically flung the bridle of his tired hunter to the man and mounted the fresh horse. "She said you'd overtake her if you'd follow the north pike. She's but a bit a head, an' on the jump, sir."

"All right; let them come along easy," answered Bob, glancing at the tired horses, and turning his hack's head he made the road and started off at a stiff canter.

He was glad his wife had left the message for him. He thought it signified a mood at least partially favorable to the apologies he by this time had fully resolved to make.

When he reached the north pike he saw no riders ahead of him, but concluding that he was too far behind to catch up had slowed down to a walk, when his eye was caught by two horses speeding across country far off to the left, directly away from the kennels. One of the horses was white and ridden by a lady; the other was dark; he recognized it at once as belonging to Minturn. Besides the Master-of-the-foxhounds' scarlet, glistening to the sun, left not a doubt—no other rider had worn scarlet that day.

What were they doing going across the country away from home at such a lively clip? Were they "larking?" Mrs. Brandow never "larked" the white mare, and they were riding at a good clip. What did it all mean? He turned his horse into a lane and headed after the two riders. He would overtake them and give Minturn a piece of his mind. If his wife was young and did not realize how such a thing looked, Minturn was a man of the world and of experience, and should have sense enough not to do such things. It was outrageous to go riding off together in that manner. But what to do? They were quickening the pace, and his hack was not much of a fencer. There was no road that he could take to cut them off. Should he start after them in earnest? Yes, he would. He had had enough of this sort of thing.

But how far would it be? Then an idea struck him. Minturn might be trying to catch the express for New York at Oneola. But if he was going to the city, why was Mrs. Brandow with him? And then a cold shiver came over Bob. Could she be going with Minturn? No, of course not—absurd thought. But—no, no; he was crazy. And yet he quickened his horse's pace, still arguing that the idea was an insane one.

But how could they go to town thus—he in the pink and she in her habit? They might wire for a coach and be driven to the city. He had done the same thing on several occasions himself, and the more he thought of it the more the fear that his wife was actually running away from him gained on him. His attack had hastened a plan already laid. Then he remembered his wife's calmness and her assertion that she would "visit mamma or *do something* to get beyond another such attack," also her message to him through Kierney "to follow the north pike." This last was to throw him off the track.

Again he laughed at himself for entertaining such thoughts, again he picked up the thread and thought out more damning evidence. A dozen little incidents, a dozen strong remarks which had seemed insignificant to him at the time, came into his head and he wondered that he had been so blind before. It was useless; he gave up trying to deny the purpose of the two fugitives and determined to head them off if he could. He shuddered as he thought of the scene which would follow when he denounced his wife. He tried to plan in what way he should kill Minturn. An oath escaped his lips when the thought of the news of the scandal reaching the clubs. He groaned as he looked forward into the desolate future—for he was passionately fond of his wife.

The riders ahead of him had settled down to very hard riding and were making straight for the little settlement which surrounds Oneola station. They had not looked around since they started, and were unaware that they were followed. Bob glanced at his watch and understood why they hurried. They had but eight minutes and over two miles to go.

The country became very stiff. Solid post-and-rail fences, such as good substantial Quakers built about the farms they have received from their fathers and intend to hand down to their sons, became more frequent. The white mare and the Master of the Foxhounds' mount were going beautifully. At each leap the dark horse would lead by a few strides; the white mare would follow at another panel. The two riders would then pull across the field together until the next fence was reached, when the Master of the Foxhounds would again lead.

There remained about a mile. Bob was gaining very rapidly, but his horse began to show leg-weariness. First he looked on at a couple of low ones, the he crashed through a "snake," and finally he refused point blank at a post-and-rail with a slight drop, and his rider lost all the ground he had gained. He almost gave up in despair as the obstinate "hack" breasted the fence again and again and came up standing each time. The horses ahead kept increasing their lead. At last, in sheer desperation, he rushed his horse and lifted him into the fence. Horse, rider, and rails came down with a crash. No damage, and he was in the saddle again almost instantly. His horse was frightened now and went better. He gained rapidly. But it was no use; the distance was too short. The station was in sight; the fugitives were still a field away. There remained two fields with a lane between, and they would be on the road. Bob knew the country well, and knew that the in-and-out at the lane was a bad one, while the fence at the road was a "caliker." He doubted his ability to get over them, and if he succeeded there was not enough flat for him to overtake the riders ahead. The distant whistle of the engine could be heard. It was no use; they would easily make it.

But stop! the white mare had refused at the first fence of the in-and-out. He might overtake them after all! A new hope seized him, he spurred on his horse.

The white mare's rider wheeled her quickly, and with scarcely three strides' space lifted her at the fence. The animal breasted the rails and stood still. Again her rider turned her, this time starting her from a distance and under a rain of blows. Bob involuntarily reined his horse and held his breath. The little arm of the fearless rider fell, the resounding blows of the crop ceased; she was steadying the mare. The speed was terrific, so fast that the animal had no time to refuse, no time to check and rise even. Like a bird she seemed to skim over her head, and with a slight shock alighted on the other side, her rider underneath.

"Good God!" exclaimed Bob. He was near enough to see that the fall was not a mere spill; it was a regular "crusher;" horse and rider lay quite still.

In an instant he had forgotten what brought him where he was; he forgot that his wife but the moment before had been fleeing from him; he even forgot his hatred for the man she was with. Pride, anger, the desire for revenge were crowded out by one thought—the fear that she might be hurt.

It seemed as though his horse would never get across the field he was in, the one adjoining the lane. The animal appeared to stand still. He dug his spurs into the beast's sides until his legs seemed unable to hold him to the saddle; he slashed him with his crop, he shook the lines, he rose in his saddle involuntarily, in his mad haste to get ahead. He coaxed, he threatened, and finally settled back in despair. Would he never get across the field? He felt sure his wife had been badly hurt, fatally, perhaps. He saw her mangled form; her face—ahead had been gashed. Why had he spoken harshly to her? He forgot to blame her, and remembered the past only to reproach himself.

He was there at last. Leaping from his horse, he hurriedly climbed the two fences of the lane, and hastened over to the prostrate form on the other side. The white mare had risen and stood near by cowed by the shock of the fall. Minturn was on his knees at the side of the fallen rider. He rose as Bob approached.

"It's a bad fall," he said, "there's my flask. I'll try to get a doctor and a trap of some kind at the station," and mounting his horse he put off at full speed.

Bob scarcely heard him. He thought of nothing but the woman before him. He knelt at her side. How strange she looked "Darling," he murmured, lifting her head, "are you hurt?"

She was alive, she moved and half opened her eyes.

"Darling," he repeated, "speak to me; are you hurt?"

This time the eyes opened wide and looked at him. Instead of the deep blue eyes of his wife he beheld a pair of piercing blacks. He started, looked again, and recognized Miss Annie Minturn, Jack's younger sister.

* * * * *

At a short distance away all the ladies look very much alike on horseback. Jack and Miss Annie, who quickly recovered from her fall, which was not very bad after all, had tried to catch the express in order to attend an evening reception. The white mare had been in Jack's possession but a few days, and Bob had never seen her. She bore a striking resemblance to his wife's hack, Lady Blanche.

Mr. Bob Brandow was not the happiest man in the world during the rest of the autumn. He should have stood with some degree of calmness Miss Minturn's timidity in his presence, but the way she had at times of looking steadily at him from a distance with mixed amusement and pity seriously worked upon his nervous system. It was also rather disconcerting to have Jack with him suspiciously whenever she was anywhere near Miss Annie. He stood it as long as he could, and finally declared his determination to finish the season in Ireland in the Grenely pack.

Mrs. Brandow enjoyed hunting during the rest of the season more than ever before. She supplied the master of the fox-hounds with a mount whenever she pleased, and was never forced to make her threatened visit to mamma.

HOLLAND'S LAND POLICY.

A Country Where the Tenant Farmer Gets Rich.

Holland is the land of charity. You see no beggars. Their "poorhouses" are tracts of land, as at Willemsoord, Ommalie and elsewhere, where paupers are supplied with tools and stock, and made self-supporting. Holland has solved the Irish land question. The beklem-regt is the right to occupy a farm at a fixed annual rent, which the landlord can never increase. This right descends to the heir, and can be divised or sold, but not to two persons; is indivisible. Every time, however, that it passes by inheritance, or by will, or by sale, the landlord receives one or two years' rent.

The buildings belonged to the tenant and he may take them away; he pays all the taxes. If the tenant defaults his creditors can cause the beklem-regt to be sold, but the buyer must first pay all that is due to the landlord. This custom began in the province of Groningen, but is likely to spread all over the Netherlands. Under the tenant farmers become the richest and most influential class of the community; their rent does not increase as the result of their own industry; the laborer enjoys the fruits of his labor; labor and capital are united as friends.

He Did Not Live On The Farm.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"O, I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers 'cept one."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was 12, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over 20 years. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' naturally seemed to hate the farm and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"O, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer; "no; for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Very Poor Bait.

A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated, he said, "I await your answer with bated breath." The girl, who is a good deal of a humorist said, "Well, Mr. M., you will have to bait your breath with something besides high wines to catch your humble servant."

THIKHED'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

He Entertains a Buffalo Girl With his Peculiarly Sprightly Conversation.

Mr. Thikhed called on Miss Brightlooks last Monday, and from the following conversation, must have enjoyed his visit:

Said Miss Brightlooks: "I was out in company recently and met three or four strangers.

"Was the president or the treasurer present?" Mr. Thikhed replied.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you spoke about a company, and as every company has officers, I thought maybe some of them were there."

"Why, I am sure I expressed myself clearly for any ordinary intellect, but if you comprehend my idea better in other language, let me say as simply as possible, that I was one of a number who had gathered for the purpose of amusement."

"Is this you differed from a rolling stone which does not gather. But you have not told me yet what you gathered. Did you omit a word?"

"No, I didn't, and I repeat that we had all assembled to spend a pleasant evening."

"Hadn't you any money?"

"Money! What has that to do with the case?"

"Well, I thought you must have been hard up if you had to spend the evening. It is scarcely to be wondered at, however, so soon after Christmas."

"I had a lovely compliment paid to me on that same occasion."

"Did you receive it in trade dollars or greenbacks?"

"Did I receive what in trade dollars or greenbacks?"

"Why, the compliment, to be sure. You said it was paid to you."

"Well, really, Mr. Thikhed, New Year has had the effect of clouding your brain. What I meant to say was that some one made a very nice remark about me."

"Indeed! What was it made of, silk or satin, or perhaps Maid of Orleans?"

"I don't think there is much use trying to explain matters to you. The more I talk, the less you grasp my thoughts."

"I never take anything that does not belong to me."

"Who said you did?"

"No one in particular; only if I grasped your thoughts, that would be theft, for your thoughts are certainly your own property, even if they are not worth more than a penny."

"You evidently put a low estimate on my mental calibre?"

"I am not an appraiser."

"Who said anything about an appraiser?"

"Why, you were speaking about how much I think your brain is worth, and I repeat that I am not in the business of placing values on objects."

Just then the cuckoo cuckooed eleven times, whereupon Miss Brightlooks said, "Oh, Mr. Thikhed, I want to tell you something funny that happened the other evening, but you must promise not to be offended."

"How could I be offended at anything you say?"

"Well, then, I had a gentleman caller, and when he had remained about as late as this, papa called down from upstairs, 'Please ask Mr. Ladside dah whether he prefers toasts or omelets for breakfast.'"

"Which did he take?"

"He didn't take either; he left just about that time."

"He-he! I didn't see anything comical about the story at first, but now I see the point. The idea of his refusing anything as good as toast or omelets. That was indeed real funny. Ha-ha! Now if the chicken had been left to me, I should certainly have taken the omelets."

"Well, I can tell Susan to prepare some and bring them in for you if you like."

"But this isn't breakfast time!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I had forgotten for a moment that it is only a little after 11."

"Well, I believe I shall have to go. Good night, Miss Brightlooks."

"Good night, Mr. Thikhed; see that you don't slip on the ice."—*Buffalo Courier.*

HE HELD THE BABY,

And Was Inclined to be Cross About It.

Just this side of Bloomington a baby in the rear of the car began to cry. He was a lusty-lunged little fellow, and made more noise than a half a dozen babies ought to have. The passengers turned—a good many of them with no very pleasant expression on their faces—to investigate. They found a man holding the little one, and doing his best to quiet him. There was no woman in sight. That was what the tiny sufferer wanted—a woman—his mother—to drive away all his little troubles and soothe him into quiet slumber. The man did all he could. He was a large, benevolent-looking man, with a sad, melancholy expression and a world of tenderness in his eyes as he looked down at the little bundle of humanity and rocked it to and fro. But the baby refused to be comforted and screamed the louder. So it went for a mile or two, and the other passengers were growing impatient, and four or three of them got up and went forward. There was a touch of sympathy in some faces, but more bore a scowl. Neither seemed to make any difference with the baby—he screamed louder, if anything, as the train sped on. The man who held him was worried, but still he bent over his little charge and sought in low words—clumsy baby talk—to hush his weeping. There was a man in the next seat in front—a cold, hard featured man—who had been disturbed in reading a book. Half a dozen times he turned and looked at the man working with the baby. Each time he glanced with a deeper scowl. Once the other strove to soothe the little one "There, there, don't co cry so! Maybe oor mamma——" He stopped.

"If you can't keep that howling brat of yours still," said the hard-featured man as he turned in his seat, "you'd better chuck it out the window!"

The man with the baby glanced up surprised, paused. For the space of half a minute he looked the other full in the eye, and then he leaned forward and with a voice choking with emotion said:

"This young one isn't mine! A dodgasted woman gave it to me to hold while she made a fool trip forward to the baggage car to see if they'd got her trunk, and I guess she's been carrying back! But I'll be dashed if you can run on me!" and he dumped the baby down in one end of the seat, and, with an altogether different look in his eye, jumped out in the aisle and got the hard-featured man by the collar, and jammed him down on the floor between the seats, and got up on him with both feet, and took hold of the hat rack with his hands, and raised himself up and dropped back on the hard-featured man till he had the features pretty well softened up. And it appeared quite as if he would have been going up and down like a pile-driver, yet if the woman who owned the baby would have come into the car and rescued the infant and quieted him in about ten seconds, and told him in a loud, clear voice that she didn't know she'd left her little, darling, pwescious baby boy with a great, big, ugly prize-fighter. Then the benevolent man quit jumping and went and sat down in another seat with the baby in his arms, and the hard-featured party crawled up looking as if he would have to carry his features in a sling for three weeks.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Little Buck or Thirteen.

A Philadelphia grocer advertised to give every thirteenth customer the amount of his purchase free. The plan seemed a success at first, and business thrived, but one day the boys put up a job on him. Twelve of them walked into the store and each made a trifling purchase; the whole bill for the dozen was less than a dollar. Then the thirteenth man walked in and ordered a barrel of sugar, ten pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee, and a box of cigars. The grocer faced the music like a man, but at once took down his sign and put up another saying that the offer had been withdrawn.

Interesting Facts About Books.

The *Art Review* has this interesting and instructive paragraph: "A bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliopole is a book seller for bibliophiles. A bibliolept is a stealer of valuable books. Mr. Lenox, who not let Prescott see his Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliotaph, and Sam Pepys was a bibliolept. Bibliolatry is the worship of books."

For Economy's Sake.

Maud, like most children, was very curious to know where her little baby brother came from, and her mother had repeated the old story that the doctor brought it in a basket, and that she had paid him $10. A few days after, in talking with Ethel, Maud announced her firm intention to marry a doctor, "'cause then I can have all the babies I want for nothing."—*N. Y. World.*

THE HUMMING TOP;

Or, Debit and Credit in the Next World.

Count Gelerflug, the brightest minister of the realm, had breathed his last. His final moments on earth had left him looking somewhat pale and worn, but had in no respect diminished his pride and aristocratic elegance of bearing. Attired in a gold embroidered coat, such as men of his distinction are apt to wear when lying in funeral state, he started off on the direct road to heaven.

Marching along at a brisk pace, he presently overtook and passed a little group consisting of three most wretched beings; a white-haired, palsied old pauper woman; a youth, from whose neck still dangled the halter which had brought him from the closing scene of the life drama, and a poor little hump-back consumptive boy, 5 or 6 years old, who, from time to time, glanced lovingly at a toy clasped close in his hand.

Count Gelerflug arrived at the gates of heaven, and politely addressed St. Peter.

"Pardon me," he began, "I would merely beg to inquire—"

But the former apostle and present keeper of the celestial gates interrupted him sternly:

"It's not your turn. The three behind there, whom you passed on the road, come first."

"Before me? I am Count Gelerflug, the prime minister. I have the title of excellency, am knight of innumerable orders, a member of various learned societies—and—"

"Up here we recognize neither knight nor scholar."

"Yet your reverence was a kind of knight yourself, and wielded a dashing blade in the affair with Malchus."

Peter silently regarded the smiling speaker.

"And your reverence was also a quasi scholar—or author—or"—

"On earth, I was only a poor fisherman."

"And yet," continued the count, with a profound bow, "your reverence's Epistles are even more celebrated than the world-renowned letters of Madame de Sevigne."

Again Peter surveyed the flatterer in utter silence, but with so penetrating a gaze that the false courtier-eyes dropped beneath it.

In the meantime the three pilgrims had arrived.

No sooner did St. Peter see the boy's innocent face and crippled body than he said kindly:

"Run in, little one. This the right place for you."

The apostle then turned to a thick book upon which, in golden letters, stood "Ledger."

"What is your name?" he asked the old woman.

"Brigitte Stegmaierin, if you please, holy St. Peter," she replied, with a courtesy.

"Precisely—Brigitte Stegmaierin," repeated Saint Peter, pointing over his Ledger. Then, in a grumbling tone, he continued: "Debit; 'Has a bitter bad tongue of her own.' While charged to her credit is: 'She is wretchedly poor.'"

"Poor," cried the old crone, weeping and flinging up her arms; "God is my witness that is true; and the holy St. Peter himself knows poverty is gnawing pain."

"Well, well," said the apostle gently; "go in, granny—go in. In there, there is no more poverty or pain."

The young man with the halter around his neck now stepped forward.

"Your name," demanded St. Peter.

"Veit Kratzern."

"Stole a gold bracelet," read the apostle, with a frown.

"Item: A purse full of money."

"Item: The contents of the contribution box at St. James's church."

St. Peter scowled fiercely at the youth who shook like a leaf in the blast.

"Credited: 'He did it all at the instigation and entreaty of his sweetheart.' Hm! Did you love the woman so very much?"

"Ah!" uttered the boy, "I could never tell you how much! I"—

"Enough!" broke in St. Peter. Don't talk to me about it. Be off with you! out of my sight."

"What! In there?" and the thief pointed toward the gates.

"Well—yes. Only make haste or I may repent my weakness."

Through the briefly opened portals the fair forms and pitiful faces of two shining angels were revealed. One of them tenderly wiped the tears from poor old Brigitte's eyes, while the other murmuring mild and compassionate words, removed the rope from Veit Kratzern's neck.

"Now we are ready for you," remarked St. Peter to the count, turning over leaf after leaf of the ledger, and suddenly exclaiming in a horrified tone:

"That looks promising, indeed! Column after column of debit items, while nothing stands to your credit—absolutely nothing!"

The count began imposingly:

"I have advanced the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of my native land. I have protected and promoted the arts and sciences. I have built churches and schools and orphan asylums and hospitals and poor houses and—"

"Peace, fool!" cried St. Peter, angrily. "All that is charged fast enough, not to your credit, but against you, because it was done from ambition and selfishness, and ostentation and hypocrisy."

"My life's best work," continued the count, still more proudly, "how I made my fatherland great and glorious beyond all lands on earth I do not need to mention, for I presume my fame has long ago ascended here."

"Your fame," retorted St. Peter, with increasing indignation, "has not reached us, but the groans of dying youth have risen to us from your battlefields, and from desolate homes, the despair of mothers and children; and I tell you, wretch, if you have nothing better than this is to urge, you are a lost man!"

The count grew still paler, and had not a word to say for himself.

At this moment the little boy, lingering on the threshold of heaven, called out:

"Mr. Peter! Mr. Peter!"

"Are you still there, my little man?" returned the apostle; "why do you not enter?"

Instead of replying to the question, the little fellow said:

"Mr. Peter, do you see this humming-top?"

Pulling the string he sent the top flying from the handle and spinning about with a jolly hum at the feet of the apostle and the count.

"Upon my word! A real humming-top," Saint Peter returned, indulgently. "Pray, how came it here?"

"My mother laid it on the grave with me," answered the child, seriously. He then picked up his top, rewound the string, and extending the top temptingly toward the apostle, said:

"Mr. Peter, if you will let the count go in there with me, I will let you spin my top."

"Do you know the count, child?"

"Of course. It was the count that gave me the top."

"Ah! Tell me how that happened, dear boy."

"Once I was sitting at the door, eating my bread. And when I had finished I began to cry. Just then the count came driving along in a beautiful blue and gold coach with four gray horses. And the carriage stopped, and the count said:

"'Are you hungry, little boy?'

"'No,' said I, 'I have just had my bread.'

"And the count said, 'Then why are you crying?'

"And then I said, 'I am so lonely. Father and mother go off to work early in the morning and don't come home till late at night, and the children won't play with me because I am so low.' Then the count said that he would bring me something to play with. And in a little while he came back with the top, and we made it spin, the count and I together; and after that I never cried any more."

St. Peter made no reply, but hurried his head in his ledger, muttering:

"I know he is rather old fogyish in his accounts, our old bookkeeper, Gabriel—still we have always been able to rely upon him—ah, I was sure of it!" he exclaimed joyfully; "here it is on the very last credit page."

"Gave a day-laborer's crippled child a toy—commonly called a humming top—and with great kindness and gentleness showed the boy how to spin it."

With almost useful eagerness St. Peter seized his red pencil, and drew a broad line through the whole long list of sins and offenses, and the next moment the count, clasping the child's hand, entered the kingdom of heaven.—*Independent.*

But She Probably Did It.

"Mamma," inquired a little Kentucky boy, "what was Adam's full name." "He only had one name, my dear; simply Adam." "And did Eve call him Adam?" "Certainly. What could she call him?" "She might have called him Colonel."—*New York Sun.*

Our Story Teller.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WEST WING.

BY H. M. L. SHEPARD.

CHAPTER I.

"So," said I to my uncle Brown, one evening as I supped with him at his chambers, "your wards, young Carroll and his sister, are both gone, and have left their entire property to benevolent purposes?"

"Yes," he replied; "and brave deaths they died; he before Sebastopol, and she, dear girl, while discharging her duty in the hospital. The disposition of their property was characteristic. I drew both wills just before they went away. His property is left mainly to soldiers and their orphans; hers to the establishment and support of technical schools for girls of all classes. There is more contained in that "all classes," my boy, than I can tell you of now, but it's a grand idea,—God bless her! And a fine old place in it,—shure is to be fitted up as an invalids' home. A tragical history that old place has, too, my boy!"

The old gentlemen leaned his head upon his hand in deep thought for a few moments, and then said:

"Clarence, I have a mind to take you into my confidence. All the actors in the story are gone; I am old and have some young man whom I can rely upon to go down with me to the estate before it passes into the hands of strangers;—there is sad work to do then! Here, read this paper. Make no comments until you have finished," and he handed me a package somewhat yellow with age, which was superscribed thus:

"To Clarence Brown, Esq: To be opened at my death. The contents to be revealed to my children or not, as he deems best."

Its contents were as follows:

I am very near my last hours upon earth. My days have indeed been few and full of evil! When I look back and remember what a radiant, happy childhood I was permitted to enjoy, in contrast I with the sombreness that has shadowed the lives of my own darlings, I stand aghast at the terror that I have hidden away in my own heart that only this dark cloud, and not utter wretchedness and wreck, should overtake them. No wonder! no wonder, that my daughter, only two days out of age, I am a marvel of decrepitude to all about me—an old woman, white-haired and palsied—all beauty, all semblance of youth, gone long ago!

I am dying, and I know it. For my children's sake, I should like to live if my life could benefit them, but they need sunlight and I am only a shadow. Nurse Margaret and Gracie Spalding can do better for them than I—and I am very tired of life. I welcome the Great Deliverer—who said he had my sting?—Oh, I shall be glad, glad to stand with my whole soul naked, my life and its purposes revealed, at the Bar of the All-Seeing, All-Just, All-Merciful, and then—rest.

As I write these pages painfully, but under the conviction that I have no right to die without leaving behind me the true explanation of my early blight and premature death. It is a terrible story! I have been called to do terrible things! No wonder that my hair is blanched, and my life almost gone.

Ten years ago (they seem an hundred) when I, Seraph Carroll, was but eighteen years of age, I was married, at the church of St. Dustan's-in-the-Lane, to Oscar Rathbone. I was an orphan and the heiress of great wealth. Mr. Rathbone was twenty years my senior, and came to us from France with what appeared to my guardians undoubted credentials, and was supposed to be wealthy. Never, in the whole of his courtship, did he appear once to think of the gain of wealth he might make by marrying me. By the provisions of my father's will, I, having arrived at age, was entitled a large portion of his estate, that while I could spend the income of it, I could neither sell it or mortgage it; neither at my death could I will it away. If I had children the landed property was to go to my oldest son who was to be called Victor for his grandfather. This was a large amount of money, well invested in mines, the income of which was to be funded for equal division among my children, should I have any, while ample provision was made for keeping up the estate in a suitable manner. My marriage failing of issue, the entire property, at my death, save what I, myself, by will, was in my power to leave as I chose, was to be devoted to the building and endowment of certain hospitals.

Mr. Rathbone professed himself perfectly satisfied with the provisions of my father's will which was read to him at the time of the marriage settlements. He said that he not my property that he desired, he frequently said, but the gracious little girl who owned it!

Let me describe Oscar Rathbone as he was at thirty years ago. A tall, well-formed man, swarthy in complexion; features regular, and teeth, which were small and even; deep piercing eyes, quite black, but with a red glow behind them. His hands and feet were very small—too small to be in proportion with his height and build, but his grasp was strong like steel,—ah! well I remember it!

There was no one to warn me that I was making a no choice—not one, only dear old nurse Margaret. Poor soul! dearly she loved me, and dearly she paid for her devotion to me. "Miss Seraph," she said, when she first observed Mr. Rathbone's attentions to me, "dinna ye let your heart out to you man; dinna loe him! he's nae a guid man, an' he'll surely ill treat ye if ye're in his power ony time, an' ye thwart his will. I ken it by the Deil's fire ahint his een."

I laughed at poor dear Margaret. My whole soul was wrapped up in him. My orphanage was very lonely, and he was so gentle, so considerate, always so ready to ready to anticipate my every desire. I scarcely had to hint a wish before its object was laid at my feet. My wedding-trousseau was filled with costly *bijouterie* of his buying; my boudoir embowered with the choicest flowers, his gifts. He seemed to live only for me.

Well, the day of our marriage arrived. We were to have a quiet wedding. Gracie Spalding was to be my one bridesmaid—dear Gracie, my schoolmate friend at school, and whom I now hoped to have with me constantly,

Recent Literature.

JANUARY READING.

The People's Bible—Painting in Oil—Schonberg-Cotta Family in Pamphlet Series—Lessons in Candy-Making—Engravings and Music.

The seventh volume of the "People's Bible" by Joseph Parker, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, is at hand, and fully equal to the numbers already issued. It takes up the first book of Samuel beginning at the eighteenth chapter and goes through to the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings. The work will require twelve volumes more to reach completion. One of its marked features is that each volume is complete in itself. Price of each $1.50.

A very useful volume to art workers is that entitled "Painting in Oil" by M. Louise McLaughlin, and published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. This work is the fourth in the series of art manuals which they have published from the pen of this well known writer. Nineteen thousand copies of her books have been sold to art workers in this country and in Europe. Her success comes from the fact that she does not attempt to write upon any subject until she is thoroughly qualified to speak. There is no padding. Every thing is written with a purpose. A valuable feature of the book is a list of "pigments to be avoided." The cost of an outfit for painting in oil, with every needed variation in kind and quality, is given in chapter VI. The chapter of Harmony of Colors, contains a most painstaking *resume* of the scientific theories in regard to the relations of color and the action of human eye in perceiving it. The work is worth far more than its price, which is only $1.

From John B. Alden, New York, comes the first of what promises to be a very popular series of pamphlets, entitled "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," by Elizabeth Charles. The work has already won a place in public favor, but it is here given at a cost of two cents a number, making the whole book for 18 cents.

"Catherine Owen's Lessons in Candy Making" is a little pamphlet, the contents of which are made up of a series of articles upon the subject that appeared in *Good Housekeeping*. Some very good general directions are given to those who desire to make a business of candy-making, and their recipes for many different kinds. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass. Price 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

The "Life of Chaucer," as told in the public records, is almost to be published by the Chaucer Society.

The unpublished letters which Mendelssohn began to write to Moscheles when he was his pupil, will appear in the next *Scribner*.

"The Vicar of Wakefield," annotated for the use of schools, is to be published in Ginn & Co's series of classics for children.

Muntz's "Raphael" is to be succeeded by his "Leonardo da Vinci: His Times and Tasks."

Mrs. Custer's new work, "Tenting on the Plains; or, Custer in Kansas and Texas," is now almost ready for press.

J. W. Bouton has in press an attractive volume for lovers of the dramatic art in "A Portfolio of Players."

An unpublished "Schoolboy's Sentimental Rhyming Essay" by the First Napoleon is to appear in a new French review called "Le Soleuer."

Mrs. Green has revised her late husband's "Short History of the English People," and the new edition of the work will be issued by Macmillan & Co. this month.

Clark Russell's new story is entitled "The Death Ship," and is founded upon the legend of the Flying Dutchman. It will be published serially during the year.

Everything Tennyson has published will be included in the eight volumes of the new "Library Edition," which is in course of preparation by the Macmillans.

"A Child of Genius" is the title of a little volume of sketches in dainty covers of white, by J. J. Wood, of Hudson, Mich. The sketches contain many happy thoughts.

Mr. Lowell will describe in his Landers article in the February *Century* a visit which he paid to Landor at Bath in 1852. He will also present a hitherto unpublished poem by himself.

Messrs. Ticknor & Co announce for immediate publication a brilliant new novel by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Queen Money," etc.

The author of "The New Antigone," a striking novel, is Dr. Barry, a Roman Catholic priest.

Robert Buchanan's new poem, "A City of Dream," is in blank verse and deals entirely with religious and speculative problems. It is dedicated to the "Sainted Spirit of John Bunyan."

The latest issue among the old South Church manuals contains "The Constitution of the United States," with biographical and historical notes by Edwin D. Mead.

Charles L. Webster & Co. have in preparation "Yank and Johnny: or Laugh and Grow Fat," a volume of short stories giving the humorous side of "our late unpleasantness," by Mr. Van Northwick, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, publishes a monthly summary of books under the title of *Book News*. In the January number there is a frontispiece portrait of Charles Egbert Craddock. Maurice Thompson continues his "Studies of Prominent Novelists," treating this month of Thomas Hardy.

Brentano's "Book Chat" is a periodical to be chained to the desk of every man who has any need of literary information. The December number is bristling with the things that one wants to know.

One of the best papers devoted to the interests of women is that entitled "*Woman's News*, and published at Indianapolis. Its editor, L. May Wheeler, is a thorough-going journalist, and knows how to make a success of her undertaking.

Stacks of Gold That Nobody Calls For.

Manager Coffee, of Wells, Fargo & Co., recently said to a San Francisco reporter, "You would be surprised to see what stacks of gold coin and gold dust remain here uncalled for. When we have kept it long enough we send the gold dust to the mint and get it coined, and then credit it to the unknown. Years ago an old fellow living up on John Day river, in Oregon, sent us a big bag of gold. We stowed it away until the bag looked like a relic of the middle ages, and would scarcely hold together. Then we sent the bag of dust and nuggets over to the mint and got it transformed in $8 000. Eight years afterward an old, bedraggled looking fellow walked in, and said he guessed he had some money here. We asked him his name, and when he gave it we told him yes, he had, and asked him why he hadn't called long ago. Well, he said, he had sent it down in advance of his coming himself, and when he got here he didn't it, and we went on to Australia, and all around the world, and had only just now got back. We asked him why he hadn't taken it to the bank, saying that he could have got many thousand dollars interest on it by this time. Yes, he said, he knew that, but the blanked banks might break, and he thought he would just leave it where it was."

An Unpublished and Unrecorded Record

"Really, how well you look. You are much stouter and look ten years younger than when I saw you a few years ago. Then I did not think you were long for this world." "No," my friend replied, "four years ago I little expected to be in the land of the living at this time. It had for many years seemed unavoidable that I should have a sick spell in the latter part of January. So regularly had this been the case that my family looked for it. Four years ago an attack of pneumonia in January was followed in February by an attack of neuralgia of the heart. So violent and sudden was the attack, that although within forty yards of my house I was unable to reach it and was carried into a house near where I had been standing. I soon rallied and was carried home. This was succeeded by two fighter attacks. After recovering so I could be about, I was taken down with three successive attacks of renal calculi. Recovering from these I was prostrated with a long siege of diarrhœa, from which the attending physician had little hope of my recovery. I had little strength left; little vitality; recuperative powers seemed gone; felt completely prostrated. No life, no ambition, no power. I then commenced the Rome Treatment. In a few weeks I was able to try work again, although quite feeble and not able to endure fatigue or much labor. I resorted to the Compound Oxygen more regularly, and to my surprise all the old bad feelings gradually disappeared. Life assumed a brighter aspect. Strength and the elasticity of youth in a great measure returned. And now though of three score and four years, I feel younger, brighter and more active than I did twenty years ago. To Compound Oxygen I give all the credit; and I would recommend all chronically afflicted to try it. Tell all such for me that it will be greatly to their interest if they will go to the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and get their advice upon their special cases, which is given free."

A volume of two hundred pages on "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," will be mailed free to all on receipt of address.

President Cleveland's message has been presented to the Pope.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

"Oft in the stilly night," when slumbers arms do *not* enfold us, what mammoth proportions the trivial cares of the day assume! Every little ant hill of annoyance becomes a mountain and we are weighted down by the thoughts of our troubles and tribulations which in the blessed soothing light of day seem little more than "trifles light as air." The moments appear like hours and the hours like days, when sleep refuses to close the wearied eyelids. Every board in the house becomes alive and creaks and groans, while shutters bang, rats prance, chairs assume hideous proportions and become dangerous. We know the house is filled with robbers and lie quaking, hardly daring to stir until with one desperate spring we bound from the bed, clutch our most precious possessions and once more seek seclusion and safety under the bed clothing, half inclined to congratulate ourselves upon our fortunate escape or more inclined to laugh at our foolish fears. Why is it that things perfectly harmless in the daytime become so dangerous during our night watches?

Finally when we feel that at last Old Morpheus has given us his attention and we seem to be sinking away in delicious slumber, back we come with a start to our waking terrors, sure this time the house is on fire and the room full of smoke. Up we get, raise a light and make a tour of inspection, expecting with every door we open to find a huge fire crackling and snapping within. If we succeed in alarming the household and find nothing there, we creep back shamefacedly to our uneasy rest, vexed at the imagination that has played us such tricks. Once more we watch numberless sheep jumping in endless succession over a rail fence, once more we count hundreds and thousands backwards and forwards, in twos, threes, any and every way, only at the end to find ourselves still wide awake with eyes staring straight up at the ceiling, fixed on the very same spot upon which we had set them hours before. At length, toward morning, worn out in mind and body, we sink into a weary slumber, and are sure to be awakened at an unusually early hour by the appearance of the family upon the scene, bright and refreshed after a good night's rest, and wondering how any one can sleep so late such a lovely morning. With a sigh we submit to the inevitable and arise, tired, lame, with an aching head, while we murmur to ourselves:

"Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.
That, as I am a Christian a faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!"

But as a general thing we keep such sentiments to ourselves.

In countries where an aristocracy is hereditary, there is no question in regard to the proper way of addressing those in a high station of life. Here, however, the case is different. The man who is a neighbor to-day may be the President to-morow, and though there may be a vague conviction that the proprieties ought to be observed, just how to do it is not always easy to decide by the average citizen. Often the address shows the characteristics of the writer or the object of his letter with the utmost plainness, so much so, that they may be guessed before the seal is broken. Books of etiquette may lay down the law, but only one person in ten probably ever read them, for until the occasion arises, no one expects to write to the individual placed in power by the suffrages of the people for a season.

Nothing better shows the vagaries of persons in this respect than the way they address the President of the United States. The following is given as specimens, taken from a batch of White House letters looked over by some one curious in the matter:

Governor Grover Cleveland, first Democratic President.
To His Excellency, Mr. Cleveland.
Hon. Grover Cleveland, Esquire.
To His Honor G. Cleveland, President of the United States.
Col. G. Cleveland, President.
To His Highness the Honorable President of these United States.
Hon. Mr. Cleveland, esq., at President's White House.
Gov. Cleveland, President of the United States.
To the President.
Mr. Grover Cleveland, White House.
His Excellency, the Honorable President of the United States.
G. Cleveland, esq., President.
Mr. Grover Cleveland, President U. S.
His Honor, Judge Cleveland, the President. (Evidently an application for a post-office.)
To our President, Gov. Cleveland.
General Cleveland, the President. (Private.)
Right Hon Grover Cleveland, the President, at White House, etc.

Perhaps among the most wonderful of the many marvels of modern invention is the phonograph first given to the world, but in a crude state, ten years ago. At that time it was little more than a scientific toy, a curious and amusing invention to be sure, but aside from the entertainment it afforded, it was of no practical use. But the desire of its inventor, Edison, was to improve it to such perfection that it would be in its own particular field as useful as it was at its first appearance curious and amusing. He believed it could be employed as a stenographer, but reproducing, not only the words, but the voice and inflection of the speaker, so that the oratorical efforts of great statesmen and divines as well as the voices of famous *prima donnas* could be caught and imprisoned within its magic compass and given to future generations when the celebrities themselves had long since moldered to dust. But for ten years it, to all outward appearance, had remained as it was first presented to public notice. Edison was too busy with a few months it has reached a perfected state, and is now unmistakably a good talker.

The idea of a machine catching and holding one's spoken thoughts and then with the turn of a screw giving them to those who may listen, in the speakers own voice and words, seems a trifle uncanny, though in this age nothing is wondered at for more than a day. The phonograph is especially designed for repeating speeches, taking testimony in courts, the reproduction of vocal music, for the dictation of lawyers, briefs to the copyist,—in fact it seems destined to become an important factor in time and labor saving. It can be used in reading to the sick in hospitals, as it is claimed that an entire copy of any one of Dicken's novels can be read into it and then ground out again at any time and as often as is desired. To the blind it will be an invaluable friend, while in the study of languages it will become a most important aid.

It seems as it this instrument is destined to become as necessary as the telephone, sewing machine or type-writer, its uses are so many and varied. If it were only employed in one direction, that of reading to those who have lost the blessing of eyesight, the time and labor spent upon it by the inventor will certainly not have been lost when weighed in the balance with the pleasure and comfort the inventor will have given to his fellow-men.

The man who has a hobby which he rides, instead of his riding him, is almost always a happy creature, for he is never at a loss for something to think about and fill up his spare hours. The business man who has one, outside of the hours of labor never finds time hanging heavily upon his hands, while the man without some pet idea haunts the billiard room, seeks places of amusement, and yawns his hours of recreation away while searching for something to do. The hobbyist never feels alone. The very atmosphere is peopled with the visions of whatever pursuit he has fixed his mind upon. If he be a naturalist, a gardener, an inventor, or absorbed in any one of the thousand things men find pleasure in working upon, when he is not with his pet scheme his mind is filled with it, and teeming with new ideas he longs to put in operation. Happy is the man who is master of his hobby and who can amuse himself with it at all times after the necessary cares of life are over or can be rested from, but he who lets it ride him, making it the most important factor in life, sooner or later, is bound to make himself disagreeable, and earn the reputation of being a "little peculiar."

It often happens that the man with an inventive hobby awakes to find himself famous and that he has accomplished something worth the time and labor spent upon it; that his hours of recreation have not been wasted ones, and the world will, at last, be convinced of his worth as well as the worth of his hobby.

People are sometimes inclined to laugh at the man who rides a hobby, and at the so-called crank, who is always described as a person with one all-absorbing idea that overshadows everything else. The world would be far less rich in inventions, in scientific researches and new discoveries of all sorts, if every man's mind was cast in the same mold, and not allowed to differ from those of his fellow creatures, if we had no cranks, no hobbyists, no one to give the world new food for thought, the age of progression would come to a stand still and much that has already been gained would vanish into the dark ages, there to remain until the days of cranks and hobbyists return again.

THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

Does it Consist in That Very Variableness so Often Reprobated?

The charm of woman is in that very variableness which has been so often contemned and reprobated. Shakespeare says of Cleopatra:

"Age could not wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

And Addison says:

"Women in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men. Whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibers more delicate and their animal spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men."

Even the wise Solomon, whose exsended matrimonial experience should have taught him the ways of the sex, was compelled to admit that there were some things about women which he did not understand and which were too hard for his comprehension.

But withal, women have not lacked for defenders, even among the sex which has said so many hard things about them. Men of great learning, of acute judgment, of extended observation, have not hesitated to do justice to the very womanly qualities which others have denied to the sex. Macauley says: "Perfect disinterestedness and self-devotion, of which man seems incapable, is sometimes found in woman."

Even Napoleon, who was no admirer of women in the abstract, admitted that on great occasions it is almost always the women who have given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion; and Steele said that women's hearts are much more susceptible of good impressions than the mids of the other sex. Otway, author of "Venice Preserved," paid this tribute to woman:

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There is in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

But while discussing the subject of constancy, it may be of interest to see, briefly, what some men have said concerning the constancy of their own much-lauded sex, and to inquire whether, upon the evidence of writers and men of letters, it is entirely fair to charge the foible of fickleness exclusively to woman. What shall we do with Shakespeare, who says:

"Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on the sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never."

Or how shall we answer Cowper, when he sings:

"Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into plan,
The morrow rends away.
Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart."
—*Le Chroniquer.*

A Pleasure Shared by Women Only.

Malherbe, the gifted French author, declared that of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed. This seems especially true of the sweeter sex. Like the ivy plant, she longs for an object to cling to and love—to look to for protection. This being her prerogative, ought she not to be told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the physical salvation of her sex? It banishes those distressing maladies that make her life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kidney weaknesses. As a nervine, it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria, and promotes refreshing sleep.

IOWA MAIZE.

The Way In Which Prairie Farmers Harvest Their Corn.

The Iowa farmer, says Mr. Garland in the *American Magazine*, does not cut his corn and haul it to the barn. "With one or two hundred acres he finds it impossible to do anything of the kind. He simply finishes his plowing and digs his potatoes, letting his corn ripen on the stalk." Then when the time comes, the farmer drives afield with huge wagons. The ears are husked from the standing stalks and thrown into the box, which holds from fifty to sixty bushels. Sometimes this husking time lasts for weeks, and whiter is well at the door before it is ended. One cold gray dawn of a bleak November day in the field, the clearing up day of the season, is thus described:

"And oh! those dawns! when the morning psalm of the threshing-machine began its low, musical bass note, and the ringing call of the bell-metal pinion, and the ceaseless catching of the bearings made a jangle harmony with it. And then a half-hour later, after washing briskly at the barn, with what appetites we sat down to our sausages and buckwheat flap jacks, I leave the reader to judge. To this day, when the smell of fresh pork or sausage comes to me it brings up those scenes. I hear the cook down below, and the ever present "sizz-sizz-sizzle" of the meat in the pan. I see again the long knife as it glides under the immense disks, the deft turn of the wrist, and the flap-jack with its browned side uppermost, coming down with a slap. We sat down to those cakes with a relish born of certainty. 'You won't get anything more till noon, boys; so fill up!' We flopped the brown steaming disks on our plates two at a time, poured some of the delicious fat (filled with the juice of the sausage) over them, laid them together, poured syrup made of sugar over all, and downed them with satisfaction. This was our only 'course,' in fact we had never heard of a course. Then with Coffee and doughnuts finished the meal. Then, ho! for the field, though it was not yet fairly light.

Make a Start in Life.

by taking hold of the live business of a live house. You do not have to put in capital, but are started free. Any one can do the work. You can live at home if you like. Both sexes, all ages. $1 per hour and upwards easily earned. No special ability or training needed. Let us show you all at once, and then if you don't take hold, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE OCEAN.

If the Land were Flattened Out the Sea would be Two Miles Deep All Over.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburg, Dr. John Murray, of the Challenger expedition, made a communication on "The height and volume of the dry land and the depth and volume of the ocean." According to his own investigations, *Engineering* says, the mean height of the land of the globe was 2,230 feet above the sea level, and the mean depth of the ocean was 12,480 feet, or 2,680 fathoms. If the ocean were regarded as being divided into two parts by the 1,000 fathom line, it would be found that the mean depth of the area lost in the shelving part than 1,000 fathoms was 2,028 feet, or 338 fathoms, or nearly the same depth beneath the sea as the height of the dry land above it. On the other hand, the mean depth of the area beyond the 1,000 fathoms is 14,640 feet, or 2,440 fathoms. The former area—called by Dr. Murray the "transitional area"—occupies 24,000,000 square miles; and the latter area, which is the abysmal area, and is situated fully three miles below the average heights of the continents, occupies 113,000,000 square miles, or more than half of the surface of the earth. In the transitional area of the ocean there are many and varied conditions in respect of light, heat, currents, changes of level, the character and variety of the deposits, and in the animals and plants which inhabit the various parts of the region.

The deposits are in most respects similar to those which make up a very large part of the sedimentary formation of the dry land. In the abysmal area there is a uniform set of conditions, the temperature being near the freezing point, with an annual range not exceeding 7 deg. Fah., and there being no sunlight or plant life. There is a great abundance of animal life; but the forms from various parts of the area are very similar, and unlike those of shallower waters; and the deposits, which accumulate slowly, are unlike any of the sedimentary deposits of the dry land. From Dr. Murray's investigations, it also appears that if the dry land of the globe were reduced to the sea level by being removed and piled up in the shallower waters of the ocean, then its extent would be about 80,000 square miles, and the rest of the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean extending to 113,000,000 square miles. Again, should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean, then the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles. —*St. James Gazette.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

NEW RELIGIONS.

Comment Upon Some of Their Striking Peculiarities.

Time was when men who failed of success in other walks of life entered politics and secured fame and a living by becoming ward bosses or the retainers of men more successful than themselves. This field has been so fully occupied of late that there is a disposition to enlarge its borders. Just now the starting of new religions seems to be a favorite industry. At first glance it would hardly seem that there was any lack of religions or that any person would be put to serious inconvenience in finding among existing religions one that would suit him.

With many people indeed there has arisen an impression that too many shades of religious belief exist already. Conventions have been held with the avowed purpose of welding into one effective body the various sections of the Christian church. But preachers McGlynn, Pentecost, Benson and others do not believe that there are religions enough yet, and each proposes to establish a new one. While the Huntingtons, Hursts, Dodges, and other representatives of the various existing religious denominations of the United States are trying to get Christian people to agree and make their assaults on the strongholds of evil as one body, these seceders from the old churches will have no union on any other terms than the formation of a new church apiece.

The brotherhood of man seems to be the fundamental article in the creed of these otherwise creedless churches. They have their catchword in common and their interpretation of it indicates that while their founders claim to be originators in the religious field, Jack Cade was before them. To Pentecost and McGlynn the brotherhood of man means the right of the lazy and spendthrift brother to the earnings and savings of the industrious and economical brother. Naturally the lazy, spendthrift brethren regard Pentecost and McGlynn as prophets and their so-called new religion as the only way of selvation—to themselves. And, just as naturally, the brother who works and saves his money for a rainy day will have none of these new religions.

There is another feature common to this group of new religions that strikes the outsider as a little peculiar. The prophets of the plenty for everybody at the expense of the body who works and saves religion do not find the chasm between themselves and the enemies of all religion wide enough to prevent their shaking hands across it. Pentecost thinks Ingersoll, who spits on the very name of Christian, a better Christian than the preacher who has taught orthodox Christianity all his life. What Ingersoll thinks of Ingersoll has not been recorded yet. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the new religion industry is being worked for all it is worth just now. That men are going to be made better or more helpful to themselves and each other by the multiplication of these creedless sects is very much to be doubted But the new religion craze must have its day like the ridden-to-death hobbies of former years.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative power.

HOW TO KISS.

Minute and Circumstantial Directions for All Cases.

There is a boy connected with this office who mixes the ink for the rollers and does the useful generally, who claims to be able to give points to anybody in the art of kissing. The following is the result of his mature experience: "Never kiss a young girl if she doesn't want you to. The main ingredient that makes kissing endurable is a willingness on the part of the female. If it deepens into anxiety so much the better. When a girl claws a man's hair and scratches his face like a little fool drop her at once. She is destitute of good sense and natural affection, and the sooner you begin making love to her sister the better. As long as a girl don't claw and yell, and struggle like a panther, it is perfectly safe to continue prospecting. Get a little behind her, pass the right arm around the waist in front, take her left hand in your left, and if you don't know what to do next go and associate with the people in Pineville.

"If you are just beginning to teach a shy girl, who has only been kissed heretofore by her brothers and father, touch your lips gently to her forehead. She will take this for an exhibition of profound respect. That position gained, working the way down to the lips is as natural and as easy as the course of a hop sliding down the wood flume of the Kentucky Lumber company.

"Never sit down to kiss. It appears awkward in case anybody is looking, and seems awkward anyhow. Stand up, and the closer you press the girl the higher estimate she will place on your good taste, common sense, and experience.

Kissing married ladies is a separate branch of the art, and requires constant practice. Where tenderness and a little hesitation and bashfulness if well put on go a long way with a young girl, such nonsense is not swallowed by a married woman to any considerable extent. One of the prime requisites on such an occasion is a quick ear for the footstep in the hall and a nice calculation as to how long the husband will take to reach the door after he has passed the head of the stairs. A house heavily carpeted with Brussels requires eternal vigilance and sometimes rare presence of mind. By the time the worser half of the family gets his hand on the door-knob, you must be seated in a far carner of the room, seriously perusing Talmage's sermon on Covetousness.

"A kiss can sometimes be snatched when the husband is in the room, but this requires an expert and is risky. Our young man once knew an instance. A married lady called on Mrs. Sturgiss to wind the clock, and a young man in the room thought he saw his golden opportunity and went for it. If the clock hadn't had a mirror just before the face that young man would have been all right; but for three weeks after his Sunday school class had a picked-up teacher, and he had the appearance of having bucked against a cyclone. This is one of the vicissitudes of kissing from mere impulse."—*Barboursville News.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

American Imitations of English Voice and Accent Physiologically Impossible.

An evidently keen observer reminds his American readers through the columns of the *Epoch*, that when they want to talk like the English girls they must remember that our voices differ from those of our cousins over the water. Our dryer air, our often over-strained nerves, or our severe winters, affecting the lungs of successive generations, frequently produce those strident, rasping tones which excite the execration of Gail Hamilton. English voices are, as a rule, set, full round, low in pitch and (when feminine) low in contra-distinction to loud, as was gentle Cordelia's. She, therefore, who would fain relinquish the President's English and adopt the Queen's English must not cry aloud, and especially must not cause her voice to be heard in the street. A Billingsgate fishwife can displace "h's" and utter vulgarity in such a rich, melodious voice as is rarely heard in a New York drawing room.

English speakers also open the throat more widely than we do. All singers understand the great difference between the round note emitted by a well-opened throat and the flat, thin sound produced by a languid singer. To an Englishman, Americans seem to speak with the throat but half open. Cultivated Americans, and the gentry of England and Ireland, differ not so much in their mode of pronouncing words as in their manner of intoning sentences. In the speeches of Irish people we hear a fall in the tone at the close of almost every phrase or sentence. The first words are spoken in a higher musical pitch than the last. Americans, on the contrary, speak with a rising inflection towards the close of the phrase or sentence. The English speech, except when impassioned, is comparatively a monotone. Hence Flora McFlimsey destroys all the unities when she is simultaneously "vivacious" and "English."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

The following was the visible supply of grain in store on Saturday, January 21, 1888, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 42,361,250 bushels; decrease, 886,882 bushels; corn, 6,677,034 bushels; decrease, 60,436 bushels; oats, 5,590,309 bushels; decrease, 93,731 bushels; rye, 211,015 bushels; decrease, 3,701 bushels; barley, 2,994,916 bushels; decrease, 229,858 bushels.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

The Old and Young Danced All Night—Our Hardy Ancestors.

Old men live in the past.

Perhaps it would be better for the young men of the present, if they lived a little bit more in the past, and drew less on the future.

The log cabins of primitive times would seem very cheerless habitations to the people who live in the finely constructed, furnace heated mansions of to day. But our grand-parents took a great deal of comfort in these rude homes.

They were rugged and healthy. The men had stalwart and hardy frames, and the women were free from the modern ailments that make the sex of to-day practically helpless slaves to hired foreign help.

White-haired grand-sires frequently took their life partners and on horseback rode a score of miles through the forests to enjoy the lively pleasures of a frontier ball, danced till daylight, rode home again in the early morning, and put in a good day's work.

Middle-aged folks of to-day couldn't stand that sort of a racket.

To these mud-chinked log cabins doctors' visits were a rarity. The inhabitants lived to a rugged and green old age.

Sometimes these log cabin old-timers were taken ill. They were not proof against all the exposures to which they were subjected. They found the effective remedies for these common ailments in the roots and herbs which grew in the neighboring forests and fields. They had learned that nature had a cure for every ill. These potent remedies assisted their sturdy frames to quickly throw off disease and eject the poison in the system.

The unpleasant feature of modern practice with mineral medicines is the injurious after effect on the system. May not modern physical degeneracy be due to this feature?

A drug-saturated system is not in a natural, consequently, not in a healthy, state. If any of the main organs are clogged with traces of the mineral poisons used to drive out a particular disease, the whole machinery of life is deranged and early decay of natural powers is the inevitable result.

There can be no question that remedies from the laboratory of nature are the best. If they are efficacious, they have the advantage of *leaving no after sting.*

That efficacy, properly compounded, and the proper remedy applied to the proper disease, will not be doubted. The experience of ages proves it.

Their disuse has come about principally through the rapid congregation of people in cities and villages, rendering these natural remedies difficult to obtain. Progressive business enterprise has lately led to putting these old time remedies within the reach of all classes.

The proprietors of Warner's safe remedies, in the faith that the people of to-day would be benefited by using the simple remedies of log cabin days, have caused investigations to be made and secured the formulas of a number of those which long and successful use has proved to be most valuable.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair, "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Plaster" and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

FLUSH TIMES.

When Back Drivers Made $50 a Day and Theater Boxes were $1,200.

Col. Mike Brannigan, the celebrated guide and backman of El Paso, Texas, is on a visit to this city. Mr. Brannigan said yesterday: "I have come back to San Francisco for the purpose of seeing some of my old friends of the Argonaut days of 1849, that is, as many of them as are alive. I can tell you some interesting things about early times in this city. I owned and drove the first hack that ever rumbled over the streets of San Francisco. In 1851 I got $50 a night to drive Catharine Hayes, the famous singer, and her mother between the Razette House and Tom Maguire's theatre, which was then situated on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearney. I also got the same sum from several others at the time for the same time. These were flush times, I tell you, and if, as well, I suppose, as very many others, would wish to see them back again. I saw $1,200 paid for a box at Maguire's theatre on the opening night of Catherine Hayes's season. A Limerick butcher at Sacramento paid $1,300 for a box when she went to the Capital to sing. Dollars in those days were more plentiful than nickels are now. When the mail steamers would arrive I have seen a gambler give a man an ounce of dust (that is $16) for his place in the long line of anxious people awaiting their turn outside the old postoffice, which was then at the corner of Brenham place and Clay street. Then you would have to pay $12 a dozen for articles to be laundried, and men used to throw soiled underclothing away and buy new articles rather than pay for the washing.

"I remember when Lottie Crabtree first appeared in this city. She used to play a banjo and dance jigs at Gilbert's Melodeon, at the corner of Kearney and Clay street, and got $61 a week. I think that was in 1854 or 1855. She went to Virginia City in 1860, and made a hit. Twenty-dollar gold pieces were showered on the stage for her benefit. My charges then as a hack-driver were $50 a day and all expenses paid. I would like to see that state of things again, and we would have less complaints about capitalists and the like. Everybody was a capitalist in the old days, and if only a few of the wealthiest exist now I don't know why they ought to be blamed. We all had a chance to become millionaires, and if we did not, it can't be helped, and there's no use repining."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Ruddy and Healthy.

Rinsing the mouth with SOZODONT, after cleansing the teeth with it, renders the gums if diseased, pale and sensitive, hard, ruddy and strong. Of the beautifying action upon the teeth of this inimitable dentifrice, the world has known for thirty years.

THEY'RE TWINS.

Singular Sameness in Thought and Conduct.

Mr. Galton has shown that many twins do actually behave under similar circumstances in almost identical manners; that their characters often comes as close to one another as it is possible for the characters of two human beings to come, and that even where the conditions of later life have been extremely different the original likeness of type often persists to the very end in spite of superficial variation in style or habit of living. Some of his stories, carefully verified, are very funny. I will supplement them by two of my own. In one case a couple of twins (men) had a quarrel over a perfectly unimportant matter. They came to very high words, and parted from one another in bad blood. On returning to their rooms—they lived apart—each of them suffered from a fit of remorse, and sat down to write a letter of contrition to the other, to be delivered by the morning post. After writing it one brother reads the letter over, and, struck with the silliness of the quarrel, added at once a long postscript, justifying himself and reopening the whole question at issue. The other brother posted his note at once, but thinking the matter over quietly, afterwards regretted his action again, and supplemented by a second palinodia, almost unsaying what he had said in the first one. I saw all three letters myself the next morning, and was simply amazed at their absolute sameness of feeling and expression.

The other story relates to a fact which happened, not to twins, but to two successive brothers extremely like one another in build and feature, and evidently modeled in mind and character on the self-same mold. It is only a small incident, but as I can vouch for the correctness of the minutest details, it has a certain psychological interest of its own. They met a lady dressed in blue whom they had never seen before, at a military dance. Each of them asked at once to be introduced to her at first sight, each asked the same officer for an introduction, (though each had several friends in common present); each described her in the same way, not as "the lady in blue" (the most obvious point of appearance about her), but as "the lady with the beautiful ears," each fell desperately in love with her off-hand, and each asked her for a particular flower out of a little bouquet containing four or five more conspicuous blossoms. Finally each came up at the end of the evening to confide in the same married lady of their acquaintance their desire to see more of the beautiful stranger.—*The Cornhill.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt.
Green Spring, Ohio.

Gabriel Hittenredith, agent and operator at Mound City, Ill., for the Cairo, Vincennes & Chicago railway, committed suicide. Despondency was the cause. He leaves a wife and two children.

The Camp Fire.

LOYAL TO THE UNION.

Though Located in the Very Heart of the Confederacy—The Duty of Northern Democrats.

Editor Camp Fire:—Through the kindness of the Blade I have learned the whereabouts of the three Heutenants that made their escape from the rebel prison in 1864 or '64. I thank God that he spared the lives of these men, and thank the Blade for being instrumental in making a second acquaintance for us after a lapse of 22 years. But the occasion and the circumstances and the incidents connected with our first acquaintance will never be obliterated from our memory. I have but a faint recollection of the old man and the applejack, only that he survived, and I suppose got into his breeches again, but died a victim to the accursed stuff in 1867. I think Lieuts. Harris and Davis carried as the old man's house, while Lieut. Helms went with me to my father's, to consult him about my going as a pilot with them to Plymouth, N. C. My father gave all the information he could, and, for his kindness, Mr. Helms gave him a certificate, certifying that he was a Union man and requested the U. S army, if they should come to his house, to do him no harm. Mr. Helms and myself then went to Mr. F., took Harris and Davis, and made our way to Plymouth, northeast. We crossed Trantus Creek, a deep stream, on a log—I believe Mr. Harris calls it a tree. I was frightened several times on the way, for I knew that if they were captured with me, it would be death. I regard it providential that these men were thrown into my hands, for I had a peculiar love for the Union soldier. I had been conscripted and carried into the rebel army, and was in some battles in the valleys of Virginia, and came out with the same load that was in my musket when I went in. I had too much love for the old flag to shoot a man, fighting in its defence, and I feel better for it now. I think that God rewarded me for it, for he afflicted me as soon as the battle was over sufficient to give me a furlough home, thereby enabling me, when these poor, ragged and dirty prisoners came by, to give them aid. After a little more acquaintance, I shall ask these men to which political party they belong, and I trust the answer will be to the party that elected the immortal Lincoln President, and to the party that, through much tribulation, saved the Union, and to the party that I trust will nominate and elect R. T. Lincoln President in 1888, not that men cannot be loyal to the government and be Democrats. I think that possible, but a preacher once refused to sign a temperance pledge, because, he said, that it was signing away his liberty, and the most conspicuous drunkard in the town came up and congratulated him, slapped him on the shoulder and says: "You are on our side." The preacher, after pausing a few moments, exclaimed: "No!" He retracted and signed the pledge at once, and if the true Northern Democrat knew the hearts of the Democratic leaders of the South, there would be a great turning about with them in 1888. —B. F Bry

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or idle bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Rulers of the World.

S. H. Steinberg, Hamilton, Mo.:

Will you please publish in the BLADE the rulers of the different countries of the world.

The following gives all the important local divisions on the globe with classification as desired: Federations: United States—Federative republic of 38 states. President, Grover Cleveland; elected in November, 1884. Mexico—Federative republic of 27 states. President, Porfirio Diaz; installed December 1, 1884. Colombia—Federative republic of nine states. President, Rafael Nunez; elected for two years beginning April 1, 1886. Venezuela—Federative republic of 21 States. President, Don Antonio Guzman Blanco, re-elected February, 1886. Argentine Confederation—Federative republic of fourteen states. President, Miguel Juarez Celman; elected for six years, October, 1886. Liberia—Federation republic of four states. President, Hilary R. W. Johnson, elected 1886. Switzerland—Federative republic of 23 cantons. President, Numa Droz; elected January, 1887. Germany—Federative empire of four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, three free towns, and one imperial territory. Emperor, William I, of the house of Hohenzollern, proclaimed emperor January 18, 1871. Austria-Hungary—Union under one crown and a bipartite Federal Congress of the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary. Emperor and king, Franz Josef I, of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine; proclaimed emperor 1848; crowned king of Hungary 1867. Sweden and Norway—Bipartite State—Union under one crown of otherwise independent kingdom. King, Oscar I, of the house of Ponte Corvo, succeeded to the throne September 18, 1872.

Integral States—Republics.—France—President, M. Sadi-Carnot, elected in December, 1887, for five years. Chili—President, Don Jose Manuel Balmaceda; elected September, 1886. Bolivia—President, Don Gregorio Pacheco; proclaimed August, 1884. Peru—President, General Caceres; elected April, 1886. Ecuador—President, Jose Maria Placido Caamano; elected 1884. Guatemala—President, General Don M. L. Barillas; elected 1885. Costa Rica—President, General Don Bernardo Soto; elected March, 1885. Honduras—President, General Luiz Bogran; elected November, 1883. Nicaragua—President, Dr. Don Adan Cardenas; elected March, 1883. San Salvador—President, General Francisco Menendez; elected June, 1885. Paraguay—President, General Escobar; elected September, 1886. Uruguay—President, Mascun o Tages; elected November, 1886. Hayti—President, General Salomon; elected October, 1879. San Domingo—President, General Ulises Heureaux; elected 1886. Orange Free State—President, Sir John H. Brand; elected December, 1883, for fifth period of five years.

Constitutional monarchies.—Great Britain—Victoria I, of the house of Hanover, Queen of Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, crowned in 1837. Belgium—King, Leopold II, succeeded December 10, 1865. Brazil—Emperor, Pedro II, of the house of Braganza, succeeded to throne April 7, 1831. Portugal—King, Luis I, of the house of Braganza Coburg, succeeded to throne November 11, 1861. Spain—King, Alfonso XIII, born May 17, 1886; Queen Regent, Mary Christina, proclaimed November 16, 1885. Holland or the Netherlands—King, William III, of the house of Orange, succeeded to the throne 1849. Denmark—King, Christian IX, of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg; came to throne, 1863. Italy—King, Umberto I, of the house of Savoy Carignan; came to throne January 9, 1878. Greece—King, Georgios I, son of the King of Denmark; elected 1863. Roumania—King, Karl I, of the house of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen; elected Prince 1866; crowned King March 26, 1881. Servia—King, Milan I, of the family of Obrenovitch; elected Prince 1868; crowned King 1882.

Despotisms—Russia—Emperor, Alexander III, eldest son of Alexander II, succeeded to throne, 1881. Montenegro—Hospodar (or Prince) Nicholas I. Turkey or Ottoman Empire—Sultan, Abdul-Hamid II, of house of Othman; succeeded to throne August 31, 1876. Morocco—Sultan, Muley Hassan; succeeded to the throne 1873. Persia—Shah, Nasser-ed-Din; succeeded to the throne, 1848. China—Emperor, Taatsen; proclaimed, 1875. Japan—Mikado, Mutsu Hito; succeeded to the throne, 1867. Siam—King, Chulalon Korn I.; succeeded to throne, 1868. Afghanistan—Ameer, Abdurrahman Khan; succeeded to throne 1880. Abyssinia—Johannes II.; crowned, 1872.

Gen. James Speed.

Henry Speed, Preston, O.:

Please give a sketch of Gen. James Speed.

James Speed was born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, April 21, 1812. His first steps toward education were taken in the public schools and afterward completed, at the age of 16, at St. Joseph's college, near Bardstown, Ky. The next year he accepted a clerkship in the Jefferson county court clerk's office. In this position he acquired a love for the study of law, which he cultivated and improved until he came to be recognized as a leading and authoritative lawyer of the state. He graduated from the law school of the Transylvania university at Lexington. In 1833, more than half a century ago, he moved to Louisville and entered upon his professional career. Since then his life, with but a few brief intervals, has been continuously devoted to the practice of law. In 1847 Judge Speed was elected a member of the lower house of the state legislature. Two years later he was selected by the people as the emancipation candidate for delegate to the convention to frame a new state constitution. He was defeated by Judge James Guthrie. The year 1850 found Judge speed a professor in the law department of the University of Louisville. It was here that he manifested a deep regard for the young students who were placed in his charge. It was his chief object to make a personal friend of each of them. This relation he continued in the university until 1858. When the civil war came on he took sides with the union. His brother, Joshua Speed, had once been the room mate of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill. When an order was issued calling for 75,000 men, Judge Speed took charge of the recruiting stations and exerted every influence to serve the interests of his country. In the first year of the war he was elected a member of the state senate. In 1864 Judge Speed was proudly distinguished by being called to a cabinet position under President Lincoln. He was made Attorney-General, an office which at that time required the rough and important reorganization. In this exalted position Judge Speed gave universal satisfaction. He served with Lincoln and Wilson Andrew Johnson succeeded the martyred President, Judge Speed was retained. He found the government policy of Johnson repugnant to what he considered the country's greatest good, and resigned. In July, 1866, the year he presided over the convention of Southern unionists which assembled in Philadelphia to oppose the plans of President Johnson. Judge Speed was a member of the National Republican convention in 1868, which nominated Grant. He received the vote of Kentucky for the vice-presidency. In 1876 Judge Speed was again a delegate. On both occasions he served as a member of the committee on resolutions. He afterward retired from politics, and was again elected professor of the law department of the University of Louisville. The father of the distinguished Kentuckian was Judge John Speed, a native Virginian, and his mother was Lucy G. Fry. In 1840 he married Miss Jane Coleman, who died in 1883, leaving six of his seven sons also survive. Up to within a comparatively short date Judge Speed has retained his good health and vigorous mental powers. In many respects Judge Speed proved himself one of the greatest men Kentucky ever produced. His line of ancestry has been long and illustrious, numbering among its members some of the oldest families of the state. For many years he stood an able advocate at the bar, and held positions of important distinction in national and state affairs. In politics he had always been a Republican and a strong advocate of equal rights for the negro race, but he refused to vote for Blaine because he did not consider him a fit representative of Republican party principles.

Establishment of the Commune.

Jones Wells, Columbus, Ind.:

When was the French Commune established?

The members of the Commune were installed at the Hotel de Ville, on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, 1871, in an ominous and ominous popular demonstration. All the vast military of the National Guard was invited to be present. At about 4 o'clock it began to arrive from every direction, gathering around the flags flying. Upon a platform in front of the Hotel de Ville there was placed a large square table, which was surrounded by some members of the Comite Central, in civilian's dress, and many officers of the National Guard; all were distinguished by red scarfs. The proceeding were opened by a display of flags on every side and by repeated salvos of artillery, followed by great applause and cries of "Vive la Commune." "Vive la Republique!" etc. Continuing to arrive, the National Guard completely packed the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. At a designated moment the soldiers placed their caps upon the points of their bayonets and raised their muskets in the air. Gabriel Renvier, who has been President of the Comite Central, opened the proceedings, and read the vast multitude a list of the names of the members elected to the Commune. Two other members of this committee then stepped forward and made brief speeches, which were received with loud cries of "Vive la Commune!" There were a great number of military bands which had been placed at the foot of the balcony, and, whenever opportunity occurred, they would strike up the "Marseillaise," the "Chant du Depart," and other revolutionary airs, when the entire assemblage would join in the chorus. Renvier having made his proclamation of the Commune, all the battalions which had been massed upon the Place de l'Hotel de Ville defiled before the balcony to the cry of "Vive la Commune!" Few scenes have ever been enacted which were more extraordinary and exciting. More than 100,000 troops were present at the ceremony. All the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with spectators, the barricades covered with people, and the gamins perched themselves in all the trees of the Avenue Victoria.

Soldiers' Cemeteries.

S. M., Gettysburg, Pa.:—How many national cemeteries are there? and, if not to much trouble, tell the number of dead in each one. I think there are 3,500 here.

There are 79 National cemeteries where are buried the dead soldiers of the Union armies. Only twelve of these are in the North, the remainder of them being in the Southern states. We give herewith the names of the principal cemeteries and the number of dead in each:

NORTHERN STATES.

Names.	Number.
Cypress Hill, N. Y.	3,786
Finis Point, N. Y.	2,644
Gettysburg, Pa.	3,577
Mound City, Ill.	5,226
Philadelphia, Pa.	1,999
Woodlawn, Elmira, N. Y.	390

SOUTHERN STATES.

Beauford, S. C.	9,241
Chalmette, La.	12,511
Chattanooga, Tenn.	12,962
Fredericksburg, Va.	15,257
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.	11,490
Little Rock, Ark.	5,602
City Point, Va.	6,122
Marietta, Ga.	10,151
Memphis, Tenn.	13,997
Nashville, Tenn.	16,524
Bopiar Grove, Va.	6,100
Richmond, Va.	6,542
Salisbury, N. C.	12,126
Stone River, Tenn.	6,602
Vicksburg, Miss.	16,600
Antietam, Md.	4,671
Winchester, Va.	4,556
Andersonville.	13,714

The other cemeteries contain much fewer graves. The total number of graves marked unknown is 145,000, and 276,000 are buried in the South. It is estimated that 400,000 are buried in their home cemeteries, and that the total of those who served in the Union armies and are now dead is now about 700,000 to 750,000. It will be interesting in this connection to recall the fact that the average age of the men at dates of enlistment was under 25 years, which would make the average age now under 70. The average age of the Grand Army is under 50. The average age of the inmates of the National Soldiers' home is 55.

G. A. R. Commander.

James Watson, Delaware, O.:

Will the BLADE tell who have commanders of the G. A. R., since the organization was frmed?

The following table shows the time and place of each encampment, with the name of the commander-in-chief selected upon each occasion:

1866—Indianapolis, Stephen A. Hurlbut, Illinois.
1868—Philadelphia, John A. Logan, Illinois.
1869—Cincinnati, John A. Logan re-elected.
1870—Washington, John A. Logan, (re-elected).
1871—Boston, A. E. Burnside, Rhode Island.
1872—Cleveland, A. E. Burnside, (re-elected).
1873—New Haven, Charles Devens, jr., Mass.
1874—Harrisburg, Charles Devens, jr., (re-elected).
1875—Chicago, John F. Hartranft, Pennsylvania.
1876—Philadelphia, J. F. Hartranft (re-elected).
1877—Providence, John C. Robinson, New York.
1878—Springfield, Mass., John C. Robinson (re-elected).
1879—Albany—William Earnshaw, Ohio.
1880—Dayton, Ohio, Louis Wagner, Pennsylvania.
1881—Indianapolis, George S. Merrill, Massachusetts.
1882—Baltimore, Paul Van Der Voort, Nebraska.
1883—Denver, Robert B. Beath, Pennsylvania.
1884—Minneapolis, John S. Kountz, Ohio.
1885—Portland, Me., S. S. Burdette, Washington.
1886—San Francisco, Lucius Fairchild, Wisconsin.
1887—St. Louis, James P. Rea, Minneapolis.

Miscellaneous.

F., Windom, Minn.:

Will you please say how the ship-builder Ronche spelled his name and oblige?

Ronche.

Puzzled School Teacher, Roscile, Ill.: You have not complied with our rules. You ask seven questions which would take more space to answer than we can give to any one person.

E. J. K., Towanda, Pa.:

Can the Senate originate any bills, if so, of what nature?

It can. Revenue and appropriation bills must originate in the House.

H. M., Farrington, N. M.: Your question concerning beet sugar making should have been sent to the FARM, and not to this department. It has been handed to the editor of that department, and will doubtless be attended to.

I. D. K., Jackson, Mich.:

1. What are the advantages of having electors, over voting direct for the President? 2. Did any of the Greely electors cast their votes for Grant if so, how many and from which states?

F. S. Nettleton, Alma City, Minn.:

Will you please tell me where Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil millionaire, was born, and what city he now lives in?

He now lives in New York; don't know where he was born.

C. R. H., Millersburg, O.: Questions on preserving eggs should be sent to the Farm, not to this department. We answer no questions here which pertain to agriculture or stock raising, and none that come within the purview of the Household.

I. It simplifies the matter of elections; a man may have a majority of the popular vote and still not be the nominee of the electoral vote. 2. Greely died before the electoral vote was cast. The electors cast Greely's vote as follows: Thomas A. Hendricks, 42; B. Gratz Brown, 18; scattering, 6.

J. F. Adams, Ozark, Mo.:

Why is the capitol at Washington called the White House?

The capitol is not called the White House. The President's residence is so called, because the material of which it is constructed is white, mostly marble.

A. W. K., Barrak, Kan.:

Please tell if it is lawful where there are several persons of the same name to appropriate an initial?

Such a thing is frequently done, but the better way is to seek relief from your state legislature. Have a bill passed adding whatever distinguishing mark you may desire.

J. W. Nelson, Biddeford, Me.:

Will you give the number of Methodists in the United States, and the number of the Baptists; also the number of Roman Catholics?

Methodists, 2,715,519; Baptists, 2,705,547. Catholics claim to have 6,532,954 adherents of that faith in the United States.

M. E. D., Clear Creek, Ind.:

1. How many days in the year 1900? 2. Who is governor of Canada? 3. What is the object of the United States government are placing around over the country?

1. 365. 2. Lord Lansdowne is governor general. 3. To mark state and inter-national boundaries.

J. E. J., Dover, Dak.:

Can a woman who has a homestead marry a man who has also a homestead, live with her husband, prove up on her claim if she cultivates her land?

Address your request to the commissioner of the general land office, Washington, or the nearest land agent.

J. B. Patterson, Mt. Leonard, Mo., and F. W. Colfax, Ind.: Your question should have been sent to the BLADE FARM, and not to this department. We do not answer here any question pertaining to farming, gardening, fruit or stock raising, or any other rural pursuit. Such must be addressed to the FARM. Your query has been handed to the editor of that department.

W. S. M., Fostoria, Kas.:

I have heard it stated that the site of ancient Jerusalem was a "howling wilderness where wild beasts at present have their lairs." Recently I read that there are railroads and trains running through the streets of Jerusalem. Which is correct?

The latter. It is not a specially thriving country, but is far from a wilderness.

W. Z. H., Macpherson, Kansas:

Please inform me in how many places in the United States union Sabbath-school literature is published, and their addresses, and oblige.

I know of no great number. All of the Protestant churches have such houses, and the ministers of the various denominations can tell you the address of their own. We have not a list of them.

C. C. S., Deadwood, D. T.:

1. Please give an explanation of the term, "fiscal year." 2. At the last election

2. Are the words transpire and perspire synonymous?

1. It is the financial year of the government; commencing on June 30 of one year and ending on June 30 of the next. 2. Yes, in certain significations of both. See Webster's unabridged.

G. G. F., Barnesville, Kas.:

Do ocean steamers go into port at Chicago?

No.

C. W. Norris, Randall, Wis.:

Please tell us through your answers to correspondents, what common soda is made of.

Soda is now generally made from common salt. The process was discovered by a Frenchman named Leblanc, and was first made known to the world in 1794.

Subscriber, Elliott, Ill.:

In what state or territory is the land situated that has by the Secretary of the Interior been restored to the public domain? 2. Is the land open for homestead entry? If not, how soon? Name the railroads. 3. What nationality is Dr. Talmage?

1 and 2. Write to the acting commissioner of the general land office, and he will give you the desired information. 3. He was born in New Jersey, in 1832.

Kate, Denver, Col.:

Will you please answer a regular subscriber a couple questions? 1. Was Gen. John A. Logan married twice? If so, who was his first wife? Give particulars, please. 2. Who is the author and where can I get the verses commencing:

"When the frost is on the 'punkin,'
And corn is in the shock."

1. No. 2. The poem was published in the BLADE a year or so ago. It is by James Whitcomb Riley.

J. L. G., Ottawa, Kans.:

Please answer this question in Question Bureau: Why did the 50th Congress begin its first session in December? According to the Constitution I should think it ought to have commenced on March 4, 1887?

The 49th Congress was still in session on March 4, 1887. All new Congresses commence on the first Monday of December with the year after the members have been elected.

Uncle Sam, Port Washington, Ohio:

1. Is it lawful for a crowd of men and women, and even children, to gather from house to house and dance and drink beer by the keg until all (even children) are drunk? 2. If the above is unlawful, to whom should a person apply to have them prosecuted?

1 and 2. When such gatherings take the nature of a disturbance they are unlawful, and the police authority, wherever vested, either in a police court, mayor's court, or justice of the peace, is the proper place to apply for redress.

Mrs. K. Gretzinger, Denver, Col.:

In your paper of the 24th ult., in answer to an inquiry by "Subscriber," you stated that the military post here was to be the same or similar to West Point, a military school. We here understand it to be a military post, or supply post, for the entire West. It is called Camp Sheridan, named in honor of Gen. Phil., and is to be used also as barracks for troops, and not as a school for cadets graduating in military tactics as at West Point. It is situated seven miles south of the city, on Bear creek, and commands a very fine view of the surrounding country.

T. W. M., Clifton, Kan.:

Will the editor please tell through the Question Bureau if there is such an invention as a self coupler for railroad cars. If there is, how does it work?

There have been several hundred self-couplers invented and patented, but none have as yet gone into general use, except on passenger cars. These are in the shape of a right and left clamp, which couples itself, but has to be uncoupled from the platform of the car by a lever.

C. C. J., Afton, Iowa:

1. How soon can a foreigner file his intention to become a citizen? 2. If a foreigner is 18 years old when he comes here how soon can he vote?

1. He can declare his intention at once, but he can not be admitted to citizenship until he has resided in the United States at least five years. 2. Not until he has become naturalized, and he can not become naturalized until he has resided within the United States for the continued term of five years next preceding his admission. The children under 21 years of age of naturalized foreigners are considered citizens, if dwelling within the United States.

George S. Washburn, McKean, Pa.:

1. What are the duties of the Ways and Means committee of Congress? 2. What class of bills do they act upon? 3. Why are bills referred to committees?

1-2. The Ways and Means committee, as its name suggests, is for the consideration of the ways and means of supporting the government. 3. Bills are referred to committees that the measure may receive full and thorough attention before its presentation to the House. Each committee is supposed to be made up from members specially qualified to act on the subjects which go to their committee.

Lydo Graham, Marysville, O.:

Please give a full description of the Sargasso seas.

The Sargasso sea corresponds to the great center or eddy of the North Atlantic system of currents, of which the Gulf stream forms so important a part. Its surface is covered with gulf weed is *sargassum bacciferum*. It is generally found in sprigs a few inches long, with a main stem branching into secondary ones; the main stem has frequently a flexuous form, while the others give rise to fresh growing leaves; but there is never any trace of root or place of attachment. Between the leaves which are elongated and irregularly serrated, and air vessels, the size of currants, are supported on short peduncles. These air vessels or floats are vulgarly taken for the seeds or fruits.

J. P. H., Franklin:

Please furnish us with data concerning the wages paid laborers by manufacturers and coal miners. Please give it in issue of January 13, if possible, as we want to use it.

It would be difficult to answer this question so as not to be misleading. In manufactories wages are paid in some by the week, while in the other by the piece; degree of skill has much to do with wages, and each separate kind of manufactory pays a different price; in mines wages vary according to the difficulty or ease with which the miner can get the coal; and, within there are different rates paid to miners in the same mine, due to the class of work they are engaged upon.

James Donovan, Fort Scott, Texas:

Who were the signers of the Declaration of Independence?

The following is the list of names appended to the famous document, with the colony which each represented in Congress: Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, from New Hampshire; John Hancock, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Massachusetts; Elbridge Gerry, Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery, Rhode Island; Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott, Connecticut; William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris, New York; Richard Hockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart, Abraham Clark, New Jersey; Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross, Pennsylvania; Cæsar Rodney, George Reed, Thomas McKean, Delaware; Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone, William Paca, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland; George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton, Virginia; William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn, North Carolina; Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, jr., Thomas Lynch, jr., Arthur Middleton, South Carolina; Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walner, Georgia.

Miss Leila Vavaser, Council Grove, Kan.:

1. How is the mail distributed in large cities? 2. What is famous about John O'Groat's house in Scotland?

1. The mail is taken to the postoffice from the trains in covered wagons, assorted by the officials and given to the carriers to take where addressed. Each carrier has a certain route to a certain portion of the city, and in sorting the letters in the postoffice great care is exercised to give the right letters to the right carriers, hence a waiting list. In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, John O'Groat and his two brothers, Malcolm and Gavin, arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warse and Dungisby, in the northeastern part of the shire. In time their families increased until there were eight households of the same name. They lived as neighbors, in the greatest peace and amity, meeting once a year in the same house. At last the question of precedence arose among the younger members, and they disputed as to who should sit near the head of the table or enter the room first. Old John O'Groat was made arbitrator of the dispute, and he promised that before their next meeting he would settle the question to the satisfaction of all. Accordingly he built an eight-sided room in which to hold the annual dinner, with a door and a window on each side and a round table in the center of the room. The house was situated about a mile and a half west of the point of land known as Dungisby or Duncansby Head, the extreme northeastern point of Scotland. The site of the house now shows only some grass-covered mounds.

J. H., ——:

1. When was Australia discovered? 2. Tell us something of Cortes and his invasion of Mexico.

1. In 1606 the north coast was discovered by the Dutch on board of the Duyfen, and at about the same time by a Spanish expedition, sent from Peru in 1605, one of the commanders of which gave his name to Torres straits. It is probable, however, that Australia had been long known to the Chinese. In 1619 and 1622 respectively, the west and southwest coasts were seen. In 1642 the island, called for some time Van Diemon's land, but now Tasmania, was visited by Tasman, and within a month, visited New Zealand. In 1770 Cook made his voyage and explored nearly the whole of the east coast, designating the same New South Wales. In 1798 Bass ascertained the separation of Australia and Tasmania by passing through the strait that bears his name. In 1802 Port Philip was entered. In 1844 Sturt penetrated to the center of the country. 2. Hernan Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, was born in 1485 at Medillin, a village of Estramadura, Spain. He was educated for the law but afterward adopted the profession of arms. In 1511 he distinguished himself and Diego Velasquez in the expedition against Cuba. In 1518 the conquest of Mexico was intrusted to him by Velasquez, who was then governor of Cuba; but the latter had no sooner granted him the commission than he wished to revoke it, fearing that his dashing lieutenant would deprive him of all the glory of the enterprize. Cortes, however, defiantly maintained his command. For a full description of this conquest see answer to W. H., Wichita, Kan., in BLADE of October 6, 1887.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from an impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Modest Girls in New Jersey.

"I have a girl," said a Jerseyman, "that's so modest that she wouldn't even learn improper fractions in school."

"My girl is more modest than that," retorted another; "she always goes in the next room to change her hood."

The Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Among those who testify to the merits of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, the Hon. Sam'l J. Randall, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., the Hon. James W. Husted, Charles D. Fredricks, Henry King, Manager Seaside Sanitarium, Gen. John E. Mulford, George Augustus Sala, and Sisters of Charity, Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

"What Drug will Scour These English Hence?"

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking: "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple lifetide is sluggish, causing drowsiness, headache and loss of appetite, use this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect health, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

WISE'S FORTITUDE.

An F. F. V. Cut by His Friends and Neighbors.

Few people north can appreciate what Johnny Wise sacrificed when he became a Republican, shortly after the war. The carpet-bagger was holding infamous sway throughout the South, and, in consequence thereof, a conquered but still proud people associated the name Republican with all that was vile and low. In Richmond, where social lines were drawn most rigidly, this feeling was strongest, and when John S. Wise, whose blood was the bluest, declared that a new era had dawned and espoused Republicanism, his crime was looked upon as more heinous than if it had been committed by a mere truckling politician.

He and his family were ostracised—the word boycott was then unknown. His children's playmates were compelled to desert them. People crossed the street rather than pass his house. His wife's milliner refused to make her bonnets. When, with warm southern hospitality, he threw open his house on New Year's day, not a solitary mortal, with one exception, called upon him. The exception was Dr. Beale, who is now living with his daughter in Philadelphia, but no one but a privileged philanthropist like Dr. Beale would have dared to cross the Wise portal.

Even when he returned to his own house and told where he had been, some of his friends expected him that, ere he entered, fumigate his clothing. To this day that same feeling exists against Wise in certain Richmond circles, and only the creation of a northern colony in the Virgina capital has enabled him to surround himself with congenial friends and acquaintances.

But if he became Vice-President! Then!

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to use Lactated Food. After using a bottle I noticed improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I take S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

Depends Upon the Man.

"Jennie," said a young lady, turning away from the mirror and addressing a companion, "what would you do if you had a mustache on your lip?"

"If I liked him I would keep quiet," was the demure reply.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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CARDS.

NEW 1888 Sample Book for a two-cent stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio.

390 Funny Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and 100 Agent's Samples Cards for 2c. Hill Pub. Co., Cadiz, O.

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50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 1c. CROWN PTG. CO., Northford, Ct.

FREE.—The Finest Sample Book of Gold Bevel Edge, Hidden Name Cards ever offered, with Agents' Outfit for 3c samp. U.S. Card Co., Cadiz, O.

25 All Hidden Name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 30 page sample book, 10cts. 40 mixed and Solid Silver ring, 20 cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

FUN CARDS. Set Scrap Pictures, one Checker Board and three Agents' Outfits, all only 25c. CAPITAL CARD CO., Columbus, O.

99 Silk Fringe, Hid'n name, Xmas, N. Y., and Embossed Cards, Scraps, Verses, Pictures, Games, &c., 25c. Agent's Outfit and Ring for 10c. T. Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

15 Floral Fringe, 1 Plain Blue, 12 Cards & Pictures, Fringe Hidden Name &c., 10c. Sons, Songs and Age's Book 35 Novelty, 10c. IVY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

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FREE 32 COLUMN ILLUSTRATED PAPER, BOOK OF LOVELY SAMPLE CARDS, Alphabet of Scrolls, 125 Conundrums, etc., 10c. Illustrated Catalogue of Cards, Games, Novelties, &c., 2c. Large Sample Book of Cards, Games, &c., 25c. Everything you want. Please mention this paper. ELITE CARD CO., CLINTONVILLE, CONN.

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MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Packed in Rum.

Lord Pakenham's Body, Who Fell at New Orleans in 1815.

There is a tradition in Chester county, South Carolina, that the body of General Pakenham, who commanded the British troops at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and who fell in that battle, is buried in Chester county. The story runneth thus: The general's body was said to have been packed in a cask of rum and sent back to England. On its arrival there it was through mistake not even opened, but shipped again, this time bound for Charleston. Reaching that city, it was sent to a Mr. McMullen, who kept a general stock of groceries, liquors, etc., in Chester county. There a spigot was placed in the barrel and the boys who had returned from the war would congregate around the store, take large potations of the good old Jamaica rum and tell of their exploits in the war. After the rum was exhausted the head of the cask was knocked out and, horror of horrors, the body of a man was found therein. The news spread like wild-fire and the boys gathered to inspect the body. Several of them had been to New Orleans and had seen General Parkenham and at once identified it as being no less a corpse than that of the General. The body was then interred in the ground and buried near the store. Mr. Austin now owns the property. He lives a mile from Rossville, Chester county. Until quite recently, there were still living some of those who helped to drink the rum and who identified the body. What does history say? If General Pakenham is not buried near Rossville, where is he buried?

"What Drug will Scour These English Hence?"

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking: "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple lifetide is sluggish, causing drowsiness, headache and loss of appetite, use this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect health, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

WISE'S FORTITUDE.

An F. F. V. Cut by His Friends and Neighbors.

Few people north can appreciate what Johnny Wise sacrificed when he became a Republican, shortly after the war. The carpet-bagger was holding infamous sway throughout the South, and, in consequence thereof, a conquered but still proud people associated the name Republican with all that was vile and low. In Richmond, where social lines were drawn most rigidly, this feeling was strongest, and when John S. Wise, whose blood was the bluest, declared that a new era had dawned and espoused Republicanism, his crime was looked upon as more heinous than if it had been committed by a mere truckling politician.

He and his family were ostracised—the word boycott was then unknown. His children's playmates were compelled to desert them. People crossed the street rather than pass his house. His wife's milliner refused to make her bonnets. When, with warm southern hospitality, he threw open his house on New Year's day, not a solitary mortal, with one exception, called upon him. The exception was Dr. Beale, who is now living with his daughter in Philadelphia, but no one but a privileged philanthropist like Dr. Beale would have dared to cross the Wise portal.

Even when he returned to his own house and told where he had been, some of his friends expected him that, ere he entered, fumigate his clothing. To this day that same feeling exists against Wise in certain Richmond circles, and only the creation of a northern colony in the Virgina capital has enabled him to surround himself with congenial friends and acquaintances.

But if he became Vice-President! Then!

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1888.

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THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Everybody will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE TARIFF, AND NOT POLITICAL PROHIBITION, THE ISSUE THIS YEAR.

In a recent number of the BLADE, we discussed the fact that the tariff dwarfs all other matters at issue in the political field, and that the battle of the ballots, at the November election for President and for members of the Fifty-first Congress, will be fought upon that one issue. We then took up the call for a national third-party Prohibition convention, and after mentioning that it favored protection and enumerated a number of other objects ostensibly supported by that party, including Prohibition, we went on to discuss the unwisdom of the friends of protection who favor political Prohibition in dividing forces in the face of the coming struggle. We showed conclusively that any protectionist who votes next fall for Presidential or Congressional candidates on the third-party ticket simply wastes his vote and helps the free trade enemy.

We are in receipt of a letter from Wakeman, Colorado, taking us to task for that article. The writer is evidently sincere, and as he couches his remonstrance in moderate language, we shall briefly discuss some points in his letter, which is too long to publish entire. He first objects to our calling political Prohibition an "idea," and the tariff an "issue." He says:

> Your reason for declaring the former only an idea, and the latter an issue, is that to become an issue the proposition must be interested or divided in reference to the thing at issue. I infer from this that you mean to say, or do say, that the people are divided and interested on the tariff, but not on the subject of Prohibition. It seems to me that political prohibition is an issue, and one that the people are infinitely more interested in than the tariff. While I have been a life-long Republican, and in favor of a just protective tariff, yet I look upon this tariff issue which Cleveland has sprung upon the people as utterly insignificant in comparison with legal Prohibition.

The last sentence of the above shows the mistake under which our correspondent is laboring, which is this: He thinks that because *he* believes third-party Prohibition to be more important than the tariff issue, that therefore everybody else ought to think so. Now, the fact is, the great majority of the voters of the United States *don't* think so; and the question is not what they *ought* to think, but what they *do* think. It is because it is certain that the vast mass of the people are deeply interested in the tariff issue, and put it ahead of every other political question, that we say, as does every man who is a close observer of public feeling, that the fight this year is going to be a square-cut one on the tariff.

The tariff question will not be settled by the Fiftieth Congress at the session now in progress. Hence the struggle will be, on each side—Republican protectionists on the one, free-trade Democrats on the other—to elect a majority of members of the Fifty-first Congress next November, and a President. If the Democrats elect that majority and their candidate for President, the protective features of the tariff will be destroyed by legislation in the next Congress. If the Republicans win, they will be preserved.

No other party, be it the third party, or the Labor party, or any other, can do anything but draw votes from one side or the other. If the third-party Prohibitionist voter favors protection, he should vote with the mass of voters on that side; for his vote can have influence when so cast, but if cast for the third-party ticket it practically helps the free trade cause, while doing no good for Prohibition.

Our friend, too, confuses the advocacy of Prohibitory legislation with the advocacy of a separate political Prohibition party. We may remark to him that the BLADE often uses the phrase "political Prohibitionists" in referring to the latter. We believe in Prohibition and in Prohibitory laws and amendments; but we do not believe that this is a question that should come into politics. All the progress that has ever been made has been made on non-partisan lines of action. Maine, and Rhode Island, and Iowa, and Kansas became Prohibitory states without the third political party; local option has redeemed large sections of the South, and portions of several Northern states, without the third political party. The battle over the tariff will not affect the steady progress of this work. It is going on, even though the leaders of the third party dislike the local option plan which is successfully reclaiming the land from Rum. The political Prohibitionists can not point to a single accomplished thing favoring Prohibition which their party has ever done of itself. It is a humbug.

Our correspondent then goes on to ask the following questions, to which he requests replies:

> First—Which are the workingmen of America suffering most from to-day—an inefficient protective tariff, or from the use of intoxicants, which a prohibitory law throughout the country would remedy, if backed up by a strong party?
>
> Second—If American industry, or American prosperity, is suffering more from the liquor traffic than from any other cause, how is it possible to avoid the conclusion that to legally remove the cause is the greatest issue which can be placed before the people?
>
> Third—Why don't the grand old Republican party come out boldly and simply follow their honest convictions, and endorse political prohibition?

The first of these questions shows that our correspondent does not clearly understand the tariff situation. The tariff cannot be called "inefficient." It is protective as it stands. But CLEVELAND and the Democratic party are endeavoring to destroy its protective features. The question, to make it pertinent, should read, "If the protective features of the tariff are destroyed, from which would the workingmen suffer most—from the destruction of the protective tariff, or the use of Rum?" The answer is, from the first. The destruction of the tariff would deprive thousands of them of work, and cut down the wages of the remainder very materially—as well as injure every man, woman or child who works on salary, or for hire, in any occupation. The evils of Rum are bad enough, but they only affect those who drink, and those depending on them. The other would affect everybody.

This answer renders the second question void, for it presupposes a different reply. We may remark, however, that effective work against Rum will go on steadily this year, as it has in the past, on the only effective plan—the non-partisan one. This question also assumes that the matter of securing Prohibition, and the supporting of the third party, to be the same thing. They are entirely distinct. There are in Ohio over 300,000 voters who favor Prohibition; and the third party only has about one-tenth as many votes. The same is true of Michigan, and every other state where a vote has been had on a constitutional amendment.

As to the third question, it assumes that the Republican voters are solid for Prohibition, but (as we assume from the remaining portion of the letter) the "leaders" won't allow it to be incorporated in the party platform. This is rubbish, and our correspondent should know better. A party platform is only the expression of the belief of the voters. The "leaders" of the Republican party, nor of any other party, never take a step but in consequence of the demand of the masses of the party. Platforms are not made by "leaders," but by delegates selected by the voters themselves. So long as any question is not embraced in a party platform, no matter what that party may be, it is because the voters of the party do not demand it. All, or nearly all, of the Republicans who believe in Prohibition think also that it should not be made a political question. That is the reason the Republican party has never adopted a Prohibitory plank in a national convention.

The way to bring Prohibition to pass most speedily, is to turn the time, the effort, the money, that is being wasted in the endeavor to build up a needless third party, into the work of convincing the masses of the people of the necessity of Prohibition; to open their eyes to the evils of Rum and the Rum traffic; to show them clearly the slow destruction to our civilization that it is working, and to rouse them, without exciting their political prejudices, to unite into a non-partisan effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

GEN. A. J. WARNER, of Marietta, an ex-member of the House, and an energetic Democrat, has been talking about his party's attitude on the tariff question. He is a supporter of Mr. RANDALL, and declares that the Democratic party can not go into the next Presidential campaign with the tariff as the issue and CLEVELAND'S message for its platform. He thinks such a course would be suicidal for his party. His method of revenue reduction is this:

> The tobacco tax should be removed, and part of the tax on whisky. Alcohol for use in the arts and for medicinal purposes might be relieved from the tax. This would leave the traffic under the control of the government and thus make it much easier for the state to get at it for purposes of taxation. The states ought to have the benefit of the revenue from taxes on liquor. I am opposed to the removal of the custom duty on a single article that can be produced to advantage in this country. The tariff laws can be amended. There are many articles which we can not produce here which ought to be on the free list. There are enough items of this sort to reduce its revenues about $30,000,000. I am in favor of retaining the duty on sugar, for the reason that I think we can build up the sugar industry in this country if we protect and encourage it. We ought to produce all our own sugar at just and France and Germany do. If I were not convinced that this country could produce its own sugar within a few years I would want sugar put on the free list.

THE contest for a seat in the House of Representatives that will attract much attention this session is that of SMALLS, colored, against ELLIOTT, from the seventh district of South Carolina. According to the census of 1880 this district contained 6304 white voters and 31,203 colored voters. It is the product of the gerrymander of the Democratic legislature of 1881, when the state was cut up in the most shameful manner in order to return six Democratic congressmen out of a possible seven. In order to get a large share of the negro population in the seventh district, counties and townships connected only by strips of sand visable at low tide were added together. It is from this district that ELLIOTT holds a seat in the present Congress on a vote, as returned, of 6,493 Democrats to 5,961 Republicans. His seat is contested by ex-Congressman SMALLS, an educated negro, who holds large property interests in the district, and who has represented it in Congress for several terms.

SENATOR CULLOM has introduced a bill in Congress for the organization of a bureau of river and harbor improvement. There is much to be said in favor of the plan. In the first place, such a bureau would prevent, to a large extent, the miserable jobbing and log-rolling among members, by which swindling schemes are incorporated in the river and harbor bill along with works of merit and importance. One provision of the bill is eminently practical—that providing that labor shall not be commenced upon any work of this kind until all the money required for it shall have been appropriated by Congress. Many costly and useless "improvements" of tidal creeks and Western wet weather streams have been accomplished by getting through a small appropriation as a "starter," and then asking for additional sums each year to complete the job.

A CORRUPT BARGAIN.

The message of the President on the Pacific railways investigation, presented to Congress immediately after the confirmation of LAMAR, is confirmation of the gossip current at Washington for a week or more as to the reason for the delay in sending in the message and the report of the commissioners themselves, as the resolution of Congress required the results of the investigation to be reported to that body in December.

The reason generally assigned at Washington for the delay on the part of the President was, that he would, if LAMAR were confirmed by the Senate, indicate his approval of the majority report of the committee—which favors, it will be remembered, an extension of the bonded period of these subsidized corporations for fifty years longer. That is, if adopted by Congress and enacted into law, the roads will have fifty years more before they must pay their indebtedness to the government.

The vote in the Senate on LAMAR'S confirmation, and the sending of a message to Congress the next day taking exactly that ground regarding the Pacific railways, are two pieces of strong circumstantial evidence as to the truth of these rumors. Even with Senator RIDDLEBERGER'S vote counted on the Democratic side, the Senate would have been a tie on the confirmation, and LAMAR would thus have been rejected, had the Republicans stood firmly together. Two of them, however, voted with the Democrats on this question. And who were they? Senator STANFORD, of California, a millionaire who is believed to have made $50,000,000 out of the Pacific railway swindle, is one. He is alleged to be implicated in the schemes by which those corporations realized such immense sums; he is the close personal friend of Justice FIELD, hitherto the only Democrat on the Supreme bench, and the judicial protector of the Pacific railway rings ever since their inception. LAMAR is to be the second friend of these rings in the Supreme court.

Senator STEWART, of Nevada, was the other Republican Senator to vote for LAMAR. There is no doubt that his vote was cast under the same influences that controlled STANFORD. These two men are in the position before the people of having practically made a bargain with the President, whereby they supported his nominee for the associate justiceship in return for executive support of the Pacific railroad ring. And the fact is now clear that the President's recommendations will pass Congress, if the Democratic members support them; for the House is Democratic, and those two Senators can be depended upon to vote with their Democratic colleagues in its favor.

THE NEW POSTAL STATUTE.

The new law just passed by Congress, settling what may appear on the wrappers of second, third and fourth-class mail matter, is just and liberal in its provisions, and it will be hailed with joy by the worried and vexed business community, which has been wofully hampered lately by the jacks-in-office of the postoffice department, who seem to consider it their sole duty in life to obstruct business by clogging the wheels of the postoffice with red tape. The provisions of the law, in brief, are:

On the wrappers of second-class mail matter, which consists of newspapers and other periodicals, there may be placed the name and address of the sender, date to which subscription is paid, number of copies in the package, index figures of the publisher's subscription book, and the names of the publisher and the sender—but nothing in the nature of an advertisement. There may also be printed (not written) the name of the periodical and the place of publication.

On the wrappers of third-class mail matter, which consists of books, pamphlets, etc., sent in *unsealed* packages, there may be placed, besides the address, the name, occupation, residence or business address of the sender and the word "from" placed before it. There can also be printed (not written) any third-class matter, so that ample room is left for the address, the postage stamp and the canceling stamp.

On the wrappers of fourth-class mail matter, which is composed of merchandise, seeds, etc., the same matter may appear that is authorized on third-class matter.

THE Boston *Traveller* very pertinently reminds the voters of the country that every prophecy made by the Republican party, through its leaders in 1884, in case a Democratic administration was elected, has been fulfilled. They predicted that the tariff duties would not be reduced, and that is true. They said there would be no retrenchment. They were correct in that. They said Democrats would not wipe out the surplus. They have not. They said before the end of CLEVELAND'S term, if elected, the principal offices of the country would be in Democratic hands, and a complete sweep except where law prevented would show the doctrine of "spoils" re-established on the Jacksonian system. This is the record at this moment, and a worse one, so far as the civil service reform is concerned, could not be imagined.

THE postoffice clerks should be paid fair salaries, and the service should be classified by law, each grade having a fixed salary. As it is now, a lump sum is appropriated, out of which the department must pay all salaries; and this being always inadequate, owing to the cheese-paring ideas of economy of the Congressional Solons, the clerks are underpaid. The movement now on foot among the clerks in the first-class offices of the country contemplates the memorialization of Congress to classify the service into six grades, with salaries ranging at $600 yearly for the lowest grade to $1,400 for the highest. It is a needed reform, and its adoption is one of the things that should be accomplished at the present session of Congress.

THE opponents of the Blair educational bill hope that the House committee on Education will be found antagonistic to the bill, and so hold it back in committee after its passage by the Senate, if it seems probable that the House will pass it. That the bill will pass the Senate by a considerable majority no one questions. The chief point unsettled by the friends of the bill in the Senate is whether it is expedient to debate it at length. The Republicans intend to send it to the House at an early day, and to permit the House to assume the responsibility for defeating it. The friends of the bill in both houses claim to have assurance that this measure is as strong in the House this year as it was last, and that it will pass if it can be brought to a vote.

HENRY CLEWS thinks we are on the threshold of a lively movement in the cotton trade, which he says has been at a partial standstill for several years. He thinks that all our staple products are on the up grade, "after five years of depression, resulting mainly from over-production and a general disturbed financial situation." He goes on to say:

> Time has remedied the situation, and now we seem to be progressing to that point where we shall re-attain the higher level that makes production profitable. Next to bread comes clothing. Both are necessities. Throughout New England the manufacturing interests give ample evidence for the increased demand for cotton goods, and the output of the mills find a ready market. It would seem therefore that cotton, in sympathy with the conditions of the times, must advance to a price that will make production more profitable.

THE booming city of Birmingham, Alabama, has a new Democratic club, devoted to the advocacy of a protective tariff. The CLEVELAND trademark isn't blown in the bottles of Alabama Democracy.

WHAT DEFEATED BLAINE?

A correspondent at Nunda, Ill., asks us the following question:

> EDITOR BLADE:—To what do you attribute the defeat of James G. Blaine in 1884?

This subject will bear a little discussion. The election of 1884 was not an honest one in the South. It is an admitted fact that there would be no such thing as the "Solid South" if there were a free ballot and an honest count. There are three or four states which would be strong Republican states if this were allowed. Hence Mr. BLAINE'S defeat may be with propriety attributed to the suppression of the ballot in the South.

We presume, however, that what our correspondent really wishes to inquire is, why did Mr. BLAINE lose New York's electoral vote by the narrow majority of 1,047 votes. There were several things that, had they not occurred, would have given the Republicans that state, and consequently have elected Mr. BLAINE. One is the wholesale corruption habitually practiced in the lower wards of the city, where votes are a regular article of merchandise on election day, and literally thousands may be bought by the side that will pay the highest. Another reason often assigned is the bitter warfare carried on by the third-party Prohibitionists against Mr. BLAINE. Third, the mugwump defection, based on distrust of Mr. BLAINE personally; fourth, the alliterative "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" of that monumental old idiot, BURCHARD, which was circulated among the Irish Catholics, many of whom were friendly to BLAINE, and would have voted for him if their religious bigotry had not been excited by this circumstance; fifth, Mr. BLAINE'S acceptance of an invitation to attend a dinner given in his honor by a number of wealthy New Yorkers, a few days before the election, which was cunningly made the basis of an appeal to the workingmen, on the ground that BLAINE was thus shown to be "hand in glove" with monopolists; sixth, that many Republican members of the typographical unions voted against BLAINE because of antagonism to the New York *Tribune*, which would not place its composing-room under control of the union.

The first and second of these six reasons are really applicable to any election in New York; and of the remaining four, we are clined to think the mugwump defection and the BURCHARD episode the only ones that had sufficient influence to change the required number of votes of Republicans to CLEVELAND to accomplish the reversal of the majority. Our correspondent may take his choice of them. The BLADE takes the position that Mr. BLAINE was defeated because there was not a free and fair election in the South.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

ANOTHER CONUNDRUM.

Senator WILLARD TELLER, in response to Mr. VOORHEES, projected the following, which has not yet been explained away. It is probably no trouble for Mr. CLEVELAND to do so, however, since a man who has the cheek to propose removing protection, and yet to keep the workingmen's wages at their present rate, has that kind of faith which moves mountains. He will both cut down the revenue "for revenue only," and have the two hundred millions surplus. That is, till after election. Still Mr. TELLER'S conundrum remains. He said:

> It is a fundamental doctrine of the American people, irrespective of politics, that the public debt shall be paid. Two hundred and thirty million dollars is due four years from now. How do Senators who sustain the President propose to pay it? If they reduce the revenue now to current expenses, how is it to be paid? Do they wish to be put with those who are in favor of refunding of the debt? Do they want to continue taxes upon the people to keep up the debt? They must do that or they must raise revenue beyond the current expenses so as to be sure and certain that when the debt comes due we shall have the money wherewith to pay it.

THE female mayor of Argonia, Kansas, has made the men of the town who elected her by way of joke, feel that they have taught a Tartar. She has put a stop to their poker games, billiard playing and rum selling after 9 p. m.; there hasn't been a lynching, a cowboy jamboree, nor a real old time jollification since she took her seat. Everybody's in bed by 9:30 and the sports are skipping the town. The joke that caused her election will not be repeated if the jokers survive her term of service.

ELECTRICITY is apparently to become the executioner of the future. The commission appointed by the New York legislature in 1886 to make inquiry and report as to "the most humane and practical method" for the execution of criminals convicted of capital crimes, has submitted a report to the legislature of that state now in session. The method recommended is the killing of the doomed culprits by an electric shock. It is instantaneous, absolutely certain, and entirely painless.

THE cable specials report that the Panslavist party is uppermost at St. Petersburg, and have obtained complete control of the Czar. In the meantime, peaceful notes pass between the Austrian and Russian governments, while both are moving large bodies of troops to available points in case of war. Russia is reported to have one hundred thousand cavalry on the frontier of Galicia. This looks like war. Austria should have an equal force at hand, in order that the mobilization of its forces may not be impeded.

SENATOR VANCE, of North Carolina, does not agree with CLEVELAND that the internal revenue tax is sacred, and must not be touched. In a speech in the Senate the other day he said:

> So far as they affect my people there is cause of complaint against each as to the tax itself, but far more as to the method of collection against the revenue taxes. So great offense has this system given to the people of North Carolina that they have again and again, through their accredited political agencies, demanded its total repeal. Now, why should not this tax be repealed? The emergency which called it into existence has long since passed away.

THEY are a queer set of people down in Kentucky. The House of Representatives of that state has passed a bill granting to the deacons of a Methodist church in one of the counties of Eastern Kentucky the right to elect ushers on the second Monday of January in each year, upon whom shall be conferred the power to preserve order and make arrests as peace officers. The inference is that the Kentuckians carry the manners of a Democratic ward caucus into the services of the sanctuary.

A RESOLUTION providing for an amendment to the state constitution forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, has passed the Massachusetts Senate by a vote of 28 to 8. The measure is a prohibition of liquor as a beverage. For the arts and medicinal purposes it is to be continued. The Republican caucus of the lower House has voted to approve the measure, by a vote of 127 to 30.

PROHIBITION will be the rule in all but about a dozen Arkansas towns this year.

RANDALL AND SCOTT.

Mr. RANDALL'S candidate for Chairman of the Democratic state central committee of Pennsylvania has been defeated by Congressman W. L. SCOTT'S candidate, by a vote of 42 to 35. The committee "cordially and emphatically" indorsed the administration of President CLEVELAND, and commended him for his free trade stand. This is a defeat for RANDALL, but it will not end the battle in the Pennsylvania Democratic ranks. The result was accomplished in the committee through the dragooning of the members by SCOTT and a lot of federal office-holders from the western portion of the state.

This man SCOTT is posing as a "reformer" of the CLEVELAND stripe, and is a rampant free trader. He is extensively interested in anthracite coal mining. Now, anthracite coal is on the free list, and pays no duty, when imported. Yet it is selling all over the country at an exorbitant rate. The consumer pays from $1 to $2 per ton more than he should, because there is an anthracite coal ring—practically a "trust" among the coal barons. SCOTT is one of this ring. He is a nice sort of man to be howling over the "robberies of the tariff," while he is at the same time busily engaged in the robbery of every citizen who burns hard coal. That's the sort of a "reformer" he is. The Chicago *Journal* says of him:

> "Tariff Reformer" Scott and his co-conspirators are taking not less than $2,400,000 a year from Chicago more than ought to be paid for this "necessary of life," and the amount of their extortions of the ring extend is simply inadmissible. Coal that is now selling for $8 a ton in Chicago, and at $10 and $12 a ton along the railroads to the West and Northwest, ought to be sold at a price not exceeding $6 a ton in Chicago, and $8 a ton at distant railroad points supplied from Chicago. That the people of the West and Northwest suffer from the exaction of this enormous tribute is due to the practices of the ring or "trust" that controls the unlaked coal supply, of which "Tariff Reformer" Congressman Scott is one of the most influential and pestilent members.

EUROPEAN WAR RUMORS.

The situation in Europe seems to grow more and more threatening. There is steady progress making in warlike preparations, and the pacific assurances of cabinets and ministers count for nothing in the face of active arrangements for a clash of arms. The "balance of power" in Europe has grown unstable, and it is not too much to say that the result, should war take place, would be to recast the map of Europe. Russia has to-day fully 200,000 troops on the Galician frontier of Austria, and will make Prince FERDINAND'S acceptance of the Bulgarian throne the pretext for war. And when that war begins, nearly all Europe will necessarily be drawn into it.

It is no secret that there is an antipathy to the Germans in Russia. The government is banishing the German language from Lithuania and other provinces where it is spoken to some extent, and in many other ways the race hatred of Slav and Cossack against Teuton is manifested. It believed by those European quid-nuncs who have favored the world with their ideas that the struggle will be between Germany, Austria and Italy on the one hand, and Russia and France on the other.

The gossip of Paris has it that a leading Russian general has outlined the probable sequence of events as follows: An article of the treaty forming the "triple alliance" makes it the duty of each of the three powers to mobilize a portion of its forces yearly. In the spring Italy will be summoned to mobilize an army corps on the northern frontier. France will respond by an analogous military measure. Germany will order France to disperse her troops, and then war will begin. Sixteen of the eighteen German army corps will enter France from Lorraine, while a cloud of Italians will debouch by the St. Gothard upon the basin of the Rhone. At the end of the first week France will be victor upon the Rhine or thrown back into the middle of Champagne. She can certainly hold out for a month, and at the end of that time Russian armies will be threatening Berlin or Vienna. Of course this unnamed Russian military authority believes in the triumph of his nation. He is quoted as saying that Russia is a powerful machine, and as such slow to be put in motion; but once started she will crush every obstacle in her path.

THE tariff measure to be prepared by the Ways and Means committee, will not be presented before February 15, and probably not before March 1. The object of the delay is to prepare a bill which will be sure to pass the House once it is presented. Manufacturers known to favor free raw materials have been invited to appear and give such information as they may possess. The Democratic members of the committee say they have no doubt that such a bill will be presented as will receive the full party support in the House. This statement, however, may well be taken with a grain of salt. No bill can have the support of RANDALL and his friends that cuts down tariff on any raw or manufactured product of the United States.

GEN. ALGER, of Michigan, has a frank and manly way of stating his position on the Presidential question. He declares himself unqualifiedly for BLAINE, and discourages any "boom" for himself for first place. He says he is not a candidate for second place on the ticket and will make no effort to secure it, but that if called upon to take that position he will accept the honor. It is a pleasure to find a man who is not afraid to state, plainly yet modestly, his aspirations on this matter.

INDIANA is following in the footsteps of Ohio, and has available candidates for both first and second places on both national tickets this year. For Republican nominees she has Judge GRESHAM, Senator HARRISON, Governor PORTER, and Congressman BROWN. On the Democratic side are ex-Senator MCDONALD, Governor GRAY, and DAN VOORHEES. Plenty of good timber—but do our Hoosier friends think that any of it is quite tall enough to attract the lightning flash?

EX-GOVERNOR ALGER, of Michigan, makes a just and proper plea for a pension for Mrs. General LOGAN. She is not in good circumstances, and it is eminently fitting that the widow of the greatest of the volunteer generals of the war should receive a pension befitting the rank and the distinguished services of the glorious "Black Eagle" of Illinois.

IT costs $1.46 a ton to get anthracite coal on the cars at the mines. The difference between the sum of this and the railway transportation, and the price to consumers, marks the size of the steal of the coal trust, of which CLEVELAND'S chief henchman in Pennsylvania, W. L. SCOTT, is a leading spirit.

THE Democratic national committee meets on February 22, to select the place of meeting for the convention that will be obliged to renominate GROVER CLEVELAND. Chicago wants it, New York longs for it, and half a dozen smaller cities are talking about asking for it.

THE mugwumps are suddenly singing the praises of ROSCOE CONKLING. This is because somebody has said that he is a "tariff reformer," and that he will take the stump for CLEVELAND against BLAINE, should they be the two candidates.

ANOTHER of the immense cattle companies of the West, with a capital of $1,500,000, has failed. There seems a point at which these great aggregations of industry become unwieldy, and risky to those concerned.

THE free trade idea for the flockmasters seems to be that they shall sell their sheep for mutton, and go out of the business, because the Australian sheep men can raise wool cheaper than we can.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

American Manufactures Abroad.

A correspondent at Wayland, Ill., sends us the following queries:

> If goods can be made in this country and shipped to other countries and sold, why do we need protection to make and sell them at home? This is one of the questions asked by the free traders. They say if we can ship abroad and sell our goods we do not need protection at home. I ask the above question for information, which I know you are able to give. I enjoy the "Tariff Facts" very much, and believe in protection to American labor.

A correspondent at Jewell, Kansas, asks information on the same point as follows:

> Are any American protected manufactured goods found in European markets? If they are, and can compete with pauper labor in their own markets, why can not the same manufacturers compete with pauper labor at home without protection when foreign manufacturers have to pay the freightage?

It will aid these correspondents in understanding the matter to know something about the character of our manufactured exports. We have just received the last issue of the statement of our imports and exports of the United States, for the month ending November 30, 1887, issued by the United States Treasury department, which also contains a tabulation of the same for the eleven months ending on that date. We will note briefly the kinds and amounts of our exports of manufactured articles for those eleven months:

Agricultural implements. For 11 months.	
Horse-power	$ 21,171
Mowers and reapers, and parts of	1,371,203
Plows and cultivators, and parts of	355,567
All other and parts of	552,530
Total	$2,300,631

All these are patented, not only in the United States but in European countries. The manufacturers have a practical monopoly of their sale. American labor-saving inventions are the best in the world, and so admitted everywhere. It is plain, we think, that cheap European labor can not compete with these articles, because of the patents in those countries.

Art works: Paintings and statuary	$ 241,422
Billiard and pool tables and apparatus	33,766
Blacking	150,461
Books, maps, engravings, etchings, and other printed matter	1,475,831
Brass, and manufactures of	237,509

Art works are articles whose value depends upon their artistic merit, and the cost of production does not enter into their selling value. Billiard tables, etc., are partly, if not entirely, covered by patents. The excellence of American blacking as compared with other causes its sale abroad. The item of labor is a very subordinate one in its manufacture. The value of books, etc., depends upon the eminence of the author; and there are many books of the thousands of new ones issued every year, for which there can be found a limited sale abroad, but which sale would not justify a reprinting there. Copper and zinc are the constituents of brass, and we produce enormous quantities of both, and hence are able to ship brass abroad.

Candles	$ 163,065
Carriages and horse cars, and parts of	1,231,822
Cars, passenger and freight, for railroads	493,202

We produce the material of candles in this country abundantly, and can compete because the raw material is cheap. The excellence of our carriages and cars is the reason for a demand for them abroad. The matter is one of preference for styles rather than cost of production.

Chemicals, drugs, dyes and medicines:	
Acids	$ 23,480
Ashes, pot and pearl	30,421
Dyes and dyestuffs	868,904
Ginseng	650,106
Medicines, patent or proprietary	1,373,523
Roots, herbs and barks	118,832
All other	2,098,874
Total	$5,190,140

We think, in view of what has already been said, that our correspondents will be able to understand that these things are beyond the reach of competition by foreign cheap labor.

Cotton, manufactures of—	
Cloths, colored	3,701,059
Cloths, uncolored	7,426,444
Wearing apparel	315,402
All other	1,271,115
Total	$12,714,020

The fact that we grow the cotton here is one factor in equalizing conditions. We manufacture also calicoes, and other printed cotton fabrics in which the element of artistic taste of the patterns enters into their salability. A purchaser will pay more for a fabric whose pattern pleases him than for one equally good that does not. It is to be remembered, too, that of uncolored cottons the grades we export are of the lower qualities. English cotton manufacturers excel us in the higher grades. Hence we imported in the same eleven months, $25,983,583 worth of manufactures of cotton, against exports of only $12,714,020.

Earthen, stone and china ware	$ 230,045
Perfumery, cosmetics, toys, etc	795,716
Flax, hemp and jute, manufactures of	1,270,033
Glass and glassware	827,147
Gunpowder and explosives	493,462
India rubber, manufactures of	708,810
Inks, printers' and writing	104,398
Telegraph and telephone instruments, etc	603,251
Iron manufactures:	
Hand, hoop and scroll iron	10,856
Bar iron	51,622
Car wheels	74,349
Castings	176,985
Cutlery	126,161
Firearms	479,124
Hoops, bars and rods of steel	15,043
Locks, hinges, and other builders' hardware	1,220,920
Machinery	4,400,924
Nails and spikes—	
Cut	311,412
Wire, wrought, horseshoe, and all other, including tacks	73,161
Plates and sheets—	
Of iron	22,617
Of steel	6,289
Printing presses, and parts of	149,428
Railroad bars or rails—	
Of iron	250
Of steel	19,746
Saws and tools	1,240,189
Scales and balances	217,197
Sewing machines, and parts of	1,981,614
Steam engines, and parts of—	
Fire engines	2,000
Locomotive engines	350,348
Stationary engines	162,209
Traction, and parts of engines	290,349
Stoves and ranges, and parts of	222,010
Wire	346,369
All other manufactures of iron and steel	2,511,801
Total	14,319,635
Jewelry, and manufactures of gold and silver	418,715
Lamps, chandeliers, and all devices and appliances for illuminating purposes	484,128
Lead, and manufactures of	126,295
Leather, and manufactures of:	
Leather—	
Buff, grain, splits, and all finished upper leather	2,846,522
Patent or enameled	142,508
Sole	5,208,080
All other	336,323
Manufactures of—	
Boots and shoes	643,363
Harness and saddles	175,004
All others	276,804
Total	9,627,673
Lime and cement	90,844
Malt and Liquors:	
In casks	586,199
Not in bottles	48,340
Total	634,539
Marble and stone, and manufactures of:	
Unmanufactured	161,054
Manufactures of roofing slate	50,683
All other	285,603
Total	497,340
Matches	65,360
Musical instruments:	
Organs	424,299
Piano fortes	212,304
All other, and parts of	104,979
Total	741,582
Paper, and Manufactures of—	
Paper hangings	84,000
Writing paper and envelopes	106,546
All other	752,527
Total	943,073
Plated ware	543,165
Silk manufactures	47,703
Soaps, all kinds	777,041
Spirits—	
Alcohol	121,981
Pure neutral, or cologne spirits	8,016
Rum	146,000
Whisky—	
Bourbon	264,105
Rye	95,088
All other	97,208
Total	732,578
Spirits of turpentine	3,221,763
Starch	227,800
Stationery, except of paper	401,325
Stereotype and electrotype plates	23,551
Straw and plain leaf, manufactures of	89,393
Tin, manufactures of	149,067
Tobacco, manufactured	3,002,622
Wine	215,891
Wood, and manufactures of	19,181,297

Our copy of the report is unfortunately mutilated at that portion giving the manufactured wool exports, and we cannot give the figures.

We do not give above the exports of grain, food products, live stock, etc., which make up the bulk of our exports. We confine it to articles which are manufactured. We think that any one, on looking carefully over the list, will find there is in every case some reason to be given for our exporting them which does not bring the cheap labor question as a deciding element in the competition. The matters of quality, artistic merit, cheapness of the raw material because we produce it abundantly, of salability because of excellence of quality, etc., all come into play. We have not space to go though the list item by item, but think the intelligent reader will be able to do this satisfactorily for himself.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Mr. Hale quotes from an interview he had with Mr. Cleveland, published in Boston in 1885, in which Cleveland is represented as saying: "I have tried to be true to my own pledges and the pledges of my party. We both promised to divorce the ermine of the country from being used for party services."

There they had, as clearly as words could give them, pledges of civil service reformers. That administration has been elected, as G. W. Curtis and others frequently asserted, on the strength of such pledge. Hale had never believed in the sincerity of these pledges, because, if the Democrats believed in any one thing more than in another, it was the doctrine that "To the victors belong the spoils."

He had before him a table showing the sweeping changes in all grades of the civil service from 1861 to the 11th of June, 1887. That table

Correspondence.

WHAT THE BLADE'S READERS SAY

As to the Most Available Nominee to Head the Republican Presidential Ticket.

PUNXSO, Mo.—Out here in the wilds of Missouri there is many a good Republican, and we would like to see James G. Blaine and Robert T. Lincoln elected. I believe Blaine and Lincoln can be elected if they are nominated.—J. W. SMITH, M. D.

[We must remind our correspondent that Mr. Lincoln will not, under any circumstances, be a candidate for the Vice Presidency.—ED. BLADE.]

EL PASO, ILL.—I prefer Lincoln as our candidate this year for various reasons. He is, and has been, free from any of the party dissensions and has no enemies. He is well qualified for the position and does not, and has not, sought the nomination. He is a young man as compared to some of the avowed candidates, and can get the support of the young men of the party, and we need to keep them in line.—C. T. SWARTZ.

RIDGE, O.—I am for John Sherman for President, first, last and all the time. No other man has done so much for the Republicans as he. In a word, he has borne the burden in the heat of the day. With him and some good New York man as our standard bearers, we will march to sure and lasting victory.—J. H. CARMEL.

HOPKINS, MO.—The man that has the confidence of the people, and has not made himself obnoxious in the eyes of the people as an office-seeker, the one that has no party enemies and the man that is most available, is the man we want for our leader in 1888. Such a man is Robert T. Lincoln. Most of the Republicans with whom I have come in contact say that if James G. Blaine is nominated the Republican party is once more defeated; that he was our leader once and that he was not the choice of the people, as was proven by their vote.

MACK'S CREEK, MO.—The Republicans of Camden county are nearly a unit for Lincoln for President. I with many others am opposed to John Sherman because he said in the United States Senate that the claims of the soldier will embarrassing to the government.—WILLIAM OSBORN.

WYANT, ILL.—Give us Bob Lincoln for our candidate and all will be well that ends well.—A "LINCOLN HURRAH" OF '61-65.

HAMILTON, NEV.—Everybody here prefers Robert T. Lincoln, including many Democrats.—A. J.

GRANBY, MO.—If you should call for another Presidential vote to-day this county would go all for Lincoln.—C. B.

FLATROCK, IND.—Van Buren defeated Harrison in the first contest for the Presidency. In the second race, Harrison defeated Van Buren. Cleveland defeated Blaine in 1884; let the Republicans nominate Blaine and history will repeat itself.—O. W. CONNER.

SCIENCE HILL, KY.—Robert T. Lincoln would be the most available candidate. He has no enemies where Blaine has a great many. Without the aid of Conkling, New York is against us. We all know that he and Blaine are not on good terms. Blaine men will go for Lincoln, but there are a great many Lincoln men who will not go for Blaine. They say here they will go for the Democratic candidate before they will for Blaine. Some of your correspondents say Blaine is the champion tariff man. The fight on the tariff is between the two great parties, not an individual fight. Whoever accepts the nomination on a tariff platform will necessarily have to be a tariff man. Lincoln will be as good a tariff man as Blaine.—J. C. MILLER.

——, ILL.—For President next term give us the chip of the old block, R. T. Lincoln, and I, with thousands of other soldiers, would, if necessary, travel a thousand miles and fight our way through rebels and Democratic copperheads, as we did for his grand and noble father in the 60's. In coming home to vote for him, no attempt was made to wreck our train. Three times we had to draw side-arms to drive off bushwhackers, not one of whom but was a good Democrat.—LEVI TINKHAM.

ADAIRVILLE, KY.—I am an old soldier. I live in Robertson county, Tennessee, where there are few white Republicans. Blaine is a great man, but, if nominated, is sure of defeat. R. T. Lincoln is the man to lead us on to victory. Democrats in this country dread him.—J. W. BOONDUCK.

CAMPBELLTON, GA.—Blaine and Sherman are both great statesmen, but they have many enemies inside the party, and for that cause I think their election is doubtful. So let us unite upon a man who has no enemies, and in my judgment Robert T. Lincoln is the man for our standard bearer. He is the first choice among the Republican party here, and the Democrats dread him, because they know if he is nominated success is ours. I further say, if Robert T. Lincoln is not nominated, let us, as the Republican party, combine ourselves together and support the man who is nominated—Blaine, Sherman, Gresham or Lincoln.—H. GRADY.

WOODSTOCK, MINN.—There is a growing sentiment in the minds of the people of this country to-day that Robert T. Lincoln has inherited, to a very large degree, the sterling honesty of his father; that R. T. Lincoln combines the type of American manhood, American manhood and statesmanship; that he is far removed from the character of a political broker; in a word, that R. T. Lincoln is no professional politician, and that of all the generally said of any of the other great names likely to come before the Republican convention for nomination next Summer. John Sherman has had too much to do with the New York national banks and money brokers of that city. He is a political iceberg. He will never warm or enthuse the hearts of the voters of this country. James G. Blaine is a true American to the very core. There is a man within the ranks of the Republican party whom I would rather see get the nomination for President this year than Mr. Blaine; but to my mind it would be positively suicidal for the party to place him in online for election. He has had too many political family quarrels. Give us Robert T. Lincoln, and his name will fire the great American heart with more life than would any other name on this continent.—HENRY WILSON, M. D.

MT. VERNON, ILL.—I think the Republican party can spell the Democrats down and out if every man will do his duty by going to the polls and voting straight. See that every Republican is at the polls, while we look after the South, and see that they all have a fair vote and an honest count, and the victory will be ours—with the right men on the ticket; and we think the men are R. T. Lincoln and Governor Foraker. Give us these two men and the victory is ours. If Blaine should be nominated we will not vote for him; if Sherman and Hawley are nominated, we will vote for them; but first give us Lincoln and Foraker, and we will have a Down Town in Egypt we don't want Blaine. He tried it once and that is sufficient.—H. R. ALLEN.

GOLD HILL, ORE.—Everything depends on the candidate chosen at the coming Chicago convention. Blaine is a great statesman, but I am afraid he is too well known to run well. Sherman beats the world as a financier. He may be a good one. Fairchild is highly spoken of, but Bob Lincoln, if he would run, I think would make another Uncle Abe. If it is principle we want, not some big-necked Johnny lover, or Southern sympathizer; not a free trade man, but a man of our country and for our country.—WM. S. FITZGERALD.

CLARKSVILLE, TEX.—Will you give us an expression of opinion from way down South. My preference for president is Robert T. Lincoln. My reasons, he is a man of irreproachable character; a man of fine legal attainments and good executive ability; that there is a strong feeling of hostility in the party against Mr Blaine is evident, if right or wrong I dont know, but we are compelled to take the facts as they exist, that they do exist shows a danger signal that cannot be disregarded. There is no such hostility against Lincoln, hence I think he is the man to head the Republican ticket to victory.—A TEXAN.

BRUNING, NEB.—We Republicans here are in favor of R. T. Lincoln. If he be nominated Nebraska will give him at least 35,000 majority while Mr. Blaine can barely carry the state. Nebraska can not only carry the Republican vote but draw heavily from the Democrats and other parties. Mr. Blaine was once fairly beaten and will surely be beaten again.—H. D. HENDRICKS.

BELMONT, N. Y.—My choice for President is James G. Blaine, who, if nominated by the Republican party, will lead us on to victory. His nomination will bring to the support of the Republican electoral ticket a large number of our adopted citizens, who believe Mr. Blaine a typical representative of American interests, and who could not be induced to vote for any other Republican. I find also native citizens who voted for Grover Cleveland in 1884, announce that they will vote for Mr. Blaine if nominated for President—BENJ. NORTON.

STOWELL, KAN.—As a soldier and Republican I mourned the defeat of Blaine in '84 as I would the death of a dear friend. He, to my mind, is the best statesman in the Union, and I would like to see him President. Can we elect him? I think not. Shall we sacrifice the prosperity of the nation by putting in the field a man that we cannot elect? Give us Robert T. Lincoln, and my word for it, we will break up the Solid South, and snow the Democratic dogma of free trade under so effectually that they will never have another Grover that will attempt to resurrect it.—SOLOMON FISHER.

OLATHE, KAN.—I find the feeling for R. T. Lincoln for President is gaining strength in this county every day. While there is a good many Republicans that would like to see Blaine President, yet they all concede that Lincoln would be the most available man. With Lincoln to head the ticket, you can put Kansas down for 50,000 majority in 1888. If there is a man on earth that all the different elements of the Republican party can unite upon it certainly is the son of the great emancipator.—E. H. CAVES.

HOPE, COLO.—James G. Blaine if our favorite for President, but we have heard so much about his enemies that it does seem Robert T. Lincoln is the man according to present issues. But only let serious complications with our old enemy, England, arise, and J. G. Great Blaine is the man we need. He is the American thorn in the side of Old England who fears him as no other one, or a dozen, of our prominent men. With Blaine in as President, England would not dare so much as to touch our fisheries, nor shout her free trade nonsense at us so freely.—C. W. DERBY.

——, ——.—Since I last wrote you, I have been making an investigation as to Presidential preferences. Result: Politicians, as a general thing, prefer Blaine, but old soldiers and the masses of the people are almost unanimous in favor of Lincoln and Hawley. Yet I have not found a Blaine man but would gladly support Lincoln if he is nominated, but I find a great many Prohibitionists, Greenbackers and laboring men say they will vote for Bob Lincoln in preference to any other man living. But these men say positively that they will not vote for Blaine, and they certainly will not. As for myself, I am for Lincoln first, last and for the nominee all the time. My business is such that I have a good opportunity to consult men from every part of Reno county, Kansas, and will now say that after reading very carefully the letters and editorials in several of the democratic and republican newspapers from every state and territory, I am thoroughly convinced of the fact that Robert T. Lincoln can more certainly demoralize and defeat the Democracy than any other whose name is mentioned, and for this reason he should be our standard bearer in 1888.—J. W. PAYNE.

INDIAN GROVE, MO.—I am for James G. Blaine, because I believe him to be the greatest statesman in the United States; because he has been twice defeated for the nomination—first in 1876 by the trickery of Roscop Conkling and others, and again in 1880 by conventions packed in the interest of Gen. Grant. And I as firmly believe that he was defeated in the election of 1884 by the treachery of the Arthur administration.—JUSTICE.

EL DORADO, ILL.—We desire the nomination of Robert T. Lincoln for various reasons. First, he is above reproach personally; second, he is the only man in the Republican party that can unite the different discordant elements of the party and hold them together through a political campaign; third, he is the only man in the party that can carry New York, and without it we fail. "With malice toward none," we urge these as sufficient reasons why R. T. Lincoln should be nominated, as he has a head on him to steer the ship and is the son of his father.—JOSEPH WALLICE, MARK MURRAY.

THE FISHERIES.

Canada Willing to Make Great Concessions to the United States.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—An Ottawa special says: It is semi-officially stated here that the home government have urged the Dominion cabinet to make such concessions on the fishery question as will bring about a settlement. It is plainly intimated that whilst the demands of Canada are admitted to be of importance they must not be allowed to prejudice the larger international interests involved.

There are indications of a yielding disposition on the part of the Canadian government under the unusual pressure from Downing street, and the absolute certainty that the Canadian terms would in any case be refused by the American Congress. In official quarters last night the reports from Washington that the negotiations have broken down are denied.

CARING FOR THE BRAVE.

Plucky School Teachers Who Battled the Blizzard to be Cared For.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 24.—[Special wire.]—So much suffering and death has been reported among teachers and pupils in the state during the late storms, that prominent people and papers have advocated public contributions to heroic teachers and to aid those who have been crippled by losing limbs by freezing.

To secure accurate data, the state superintendent yesterday issued a circular calling on all county superintendents to forward at once the names of teachers and pupils in their locality who perished in the storms; those who have since died from effects of exposure; and the names of teachers who performed heroic actions in saving and attempting to save the lives of their pupils.

Complete accounts are asked, and the superintendent urges that meritorious acts and heroic deeds shall be promptly recognized, and that those left in distress be promptly remembered.

QUITE AN ITEM.

Telegraph Companies Compelled to Pay a License Fee on their Poles and Wires.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24.—The Supreme court has affirmed the judgment of the Common Pleas court in the suit of the city against the Western Union and Mutual Union Telegraph companies to recover from these companies an annual license fee of a dollar on each pole erected on the public streets, and $2.50 for every mile of suspended wire.

In affirming the judgment, the court holds that the city in the exercise of her police powers has a right to impose a license fee on the poles and wires.

Asthma Can be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to anyone. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

BAKING POWDERS.

REPORT OF THE OHIO STATE FOOD COMMISSION.

Analyses of the Chief Brands Sold in the State—Their Strength and Value Officially Ascertained.

The Ohio State Dairy and Food Commissioner, Gen. S. H. Hurst, has made public (Circular No. 6) the results of the Commission's investigation of baking powder. The Commission was formed by the Legislature, with instructions to make an examination of the food supply of the state, and to give a report of such examination to the public. The examination of the baking powders was made by Professor H. A. Weber, State Chemist, and, relating as it does to an article of daily use in the food of almost every one, is of particular interest.

The rather startling fact is brought out by the report, that of the thirty different brands of baking powder analyzed, composing about all those sold in the state, twenty of them are made from alum a substance declared by the highest medical authorities to be injurious to health when used in food.

The Commissioner classifies the baking powders into three general divisions, according to their values:

1st. Cream of Tartar Baking Powders;
2d. Phosphate Baking Powders;
3d. Alum Baking Powders.

The Commissioner explains that the best baking powder is that which, the ingredients being healthful, gives off the largest amount of leavening gas and leaves the smallest amount of residuum in the bread. A small amount of carbonate of ammonia, which is considered healthful, is used in some of the cream of tartar powders to give them a higher strength. The Commission say that alum is undoubtedly a hurtful salt. The report ranks the powders and shows the amount in each of inert resultants, which in using it would appear as residuum in the bread, as follows:

Name.	Per Cent. inert or Residuum.
CREAM OF TARTAR POWDERS.	
1. Royal	7.25
2. Dr. Price's	12.66
3. Pearson's	14.39
4. Cleveland's	10.18
5. Snow Drift	17.54
6. Upper Ten	9.22
7. Do Land's	32.52
8. Sterling	12.63
PHOSPHATIC BAKING POWDERS.	
9. Horsford's	36.49
10. Wheat	86.23
ALUM BAKING POWDERS.	
11. Empire	34.26
12. Gold	30.34
13. Veteran	23.36
14. Cook's Favorite	34.92
15. Sun Flower	57.60
16. Kenton	38.17
17. Patapsco	40.08
18. Jersey	16.03
19. Dooley	29.83
20. Peerless	26.28
21. Silver Star	31.88
22. Crown	16.69
23. Crown (Special)	25.09
24. One Spoon	58.68
25. Wheeler's No 15	27.73
26. Carleton	30.94
27. Gem	26.57
28. Dooley	12.29
29. Zipp's Grape Crystal	11.99
30. Forest City	24.04

The large amount of inert matter or residuum in both the phosphate and alum powders will be noted. This in the phosphate powders is largely of lime; in the alum powders it is chiefly alum. It will be gratifying to the public to observe that the powder in most general use, the Royal, is also the purest. In comparing the first two powders on the list, for instance—the Royal and Dr. Price's—the inert matter in Price's is seen to be about five in seven more than in the former, a difference of 7.74 per cent., the Royal being purer than Price's by a corresponding figure.

The carbonic or leavening gas produced by the powders indicates their strength; and their true value may be ascertained by considering the amount of this gas in connection with their inert matter of residuum as shown above. The higher the percentage of gas and the lower the percentage of residuum the better the baking powder. These percentages, as found in some of the most familiar powders, are given as follows:

Name.	Per Cent of Leavening Gas.	Per Cent of Residuum.
Royal	11.80	7.25
Sterling	10.50	12.63
Price's	10.50	12.66
Do Land's	10.00	32.52
Gem, Alum	8.40	26.57
Forest City, Alum	7.80	24.04
Silver Star, Alum	6.90	31.88
Kenton, Alum	6.30	38.17
Patapsco, Alum	6.	40.08
Empire, Alum	5.80	34.26
Cook's Favorite, Alum	5.80	34.92
One Spoon, Alum	5.75	58.68

With the foregoing explanation the study of these figures will readily give consumers a knowledge of the comparative value of the different brands. To illustrate with the percentages given the two powders before mentioned: Royal contains 11.8 parts of leavening gas to 10.5 in Price's, its excess of strength is 1.3 in 10.5, or 12.4 per cent. Royal is therefore 12.4 per cent stronger, as well as 71 per cent purer than Price's, etc. The relative strength and purity of all the powders can be computed in like manner.

YOUNG WIVES' SINS.

MARION HARLAND TALKS TO BRIDES

The Modern Girl and Marriage—The Pastoral that Becomes Plain Prose—Things that Often Follow the Marital Ceremony—How Men Regard Matrimony—The Young Wife's Jealousy—Childhood the Band that Holds Together Wedded Hearts—Modern Objections to Motherhood—Childlessness an Evil—A Plain Every-day Talk.

Written for the Blade. Copyright, 1887.

"I never go to a bridal that it does not almost break my heart," said a man whose tact and tenderness were womanly.

We would not have our girls live single until lonely old age finds them destitute of what makes life worth having—home and home-loves. We believe firmly that enduring earthly happiness is oftenest found in the holy state of wedlock; that a good woman is made better, a noble man nobler, by loving and living with another as wife and husband; that their affection deepens, and ripens, and grows purer with each passing year until neither is a complete being without the other.

And yet, eyes grown graver with experience, look sadly upon the happy young thing who stands on the threshold of the new world as at the wide gate of an Eden, which clouds and chill and blasting fires cannot enter. To her bridehood is fruition. We know it to be probation, for which the life of the average girl is *not* a preparatory school. For no other vocation is so little specific education received even from sensible and far sighted parents.

This omission, often a fatal one, we may set down as a sinful error antedating marriage.

"Man is usually a misfit from the start," wrote Emerson, more cynically than was the wont of the calm-browed metaphysician.

Before deciding that the joining of man's hand to woman's in the most important relation of human existence is a mistake, and joined hearts a misfit, let us look at some of the causes of discord in the symphony of the dual life.

The keynote that sets all ajar is usually struck in the earlier months of marriage. By a curious reversal of conditions, the ardent wooer of the ante-nuptial idyl becomes the philosophically contented husband with the utterance of the irrevocable words. Often the pastoral becomes plain prose, with never a trope or rhyme, by the time the honeymoon is over. It was the suitor's business to make the world beautiful to his betrothed during the wooing.

In wedlock the wife must bear with her lord's caprices, minister to his comfort, amuse his dull hours—or run the risk of losing him. What husband, in his own youth is the man worn with cares and years. The principle of rejuvenation, of growth into beauty and strength, the ceaseless novelty, stir, and action that defy dullness and languor, and keep parents' hearts fresh under the shadow of the almond-tree, only come and abide in the home with children of one's very own.

Childlessness is an evil. The dread significance of the aphorism is too often not suspected until the summer of advent is past, the harvest-time of education is ended, and the barren stocks stands unconcerned and solitary in a desolate winter. "The making of a true home is really our peculiar and inalienable right, a right which no man can take from us; for a man can no more make a home than a drone can make a hive," writes Frances Power Cobbe.

A hive, crammed with gold-and-silver honey; a city-wide span hive, with all the modern improvements, with no litter of larvæ, no tracks of small feet on the waxen cells, no locund comings and goings; a hive silent as a tomb save for the shrill hum of a pair of supernumerated bees hibernating with no hope of spring-time; are we to accept this as the model of a Representative American Home?

MARION HARLAND.

Dr. R. C. Flower's Great Work.

The many thousands of our readers, who have been benefited by the remarkable skill of Dr. Flower, will be pleased to know that the Spectator Publishing Company, of Boston, Mass., have just issued a beautiful book upon that subject, among other interesting matter, a record of many interesting cures wrought by Dr. Flower on prominent personages. These cures are in many instances startling in their nature, having been performed after the highest authorities and most learned representatives of the old school of medicine had pronounced the fiat of doom, and declared them to be beyond the limit of the curable. So marvellous are these strange stories of lives rescued from the jaws of the grave, that, were they not related by the individuals themselves, with their names and addresses given, and in many instances the parties being distinguished personages, who are noted and known far and near, one would almost imagine he was in the midst of some oriental tale, with the sweet fascination of the miraculous and the mystery of the mystic hanging o'er him.

In addition to the above, this pamphlet contains an interesting article from a recent issue of the New Haven *Register* on Dr. Flower's strange power of diagnosing, where, by sympathetic intuition, he is enabled to describe the exact condition of the internal organism of any person, and describe his disease, its rise, progress, and the attending symptoms far more accurately than the patient himself could give them, and this without asking the patient a question. This power accounts, to a very great extent, for the doctor's phenomenal success in treating his thousands of patients, a large per cent. of whom are treated in their homes, hundreds and thousands of miles from Boston.

There is also in this little book a strikingly fine picture of Dr. Flower, and an excellently engraved view of Dr. Flower's new Health Palace, now rapidly approaching completion, in Boston. It will be one of the features of the "Hub," a palace of beauty and comfort. All invalids should not fail to read this remarkable little work, which will be sent free, post-paid, to every reader of this paper who sends name and address to the Spectator Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

THE SCHEME DOOMED.

The French Government Refuses to Endorse De Lesseps Lottery Plan.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—The *Journal des Debats* states that the Ministers came to a unanimous decision at to-day's council to refuse the application of M. de Lesseps for authority to issue lottery loans for aiding in the construction of the Panama Canal. As a consequence Panama Canal shares, towards the close of business on the Bourse, fell 25 francs.

It will doubtless be remembered that the time M. de Lesseps made this application last autumn he pointed out to the government that it was of vital and absolute necessity to the enterprise that his request should be granted.

He distinctly pointed out that it was no longer possible to continue borrowing at the present ruinous rates, the interest on the capital already expended exceeding $15,000,000 per annum, and added that the company's funds were so low that the works would have to be stopped in the summer of 1888 unless further resources were made available. It is an unfortunate fact that the stock in the enterprise is mostly held in France by persons of the poorer classes, who have been tempted to invest by the enormous rise in value of the Suez Canal shares.

Any disaster, therefore, that takes place in connection with the enterprise, instead of merely affecting a relatively limited number of financiers will fall with crushing weight on an immense number of the poorer classes of the population. The London *Standard*, alluding to the matter a few days ago, distinctly asserted that "a grand financial crash may be expected from these quarters, a catastrophe, in fact, such as the modern world has never before seen."

A PROPER DECISION.

A Divorce Granted in America Holds Good in England.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—In the divorce court to-day, in the case of an English woman named Turner, who had married an American named Thompson, and who had the marriage annulled by an American court, the judge held that the woman, having married an American and lived with him in America, was entitled to the same law as her husband, and, therefore, the decree pronounced in America was binding in England without a further decree from an English court.

I want a man on salary or commission. Outfit free. Pay weekly. Write for terms to E. O. Graham, Nursery man, Rochester, N. Y.

A BIG OFFER!

A $2 WASHING MACHINE FREE!

Last year we placed upon the market the greatest labor-saving invention of the 19th century. It was a self-operating Washing Machine that washes the clothing clean, WITHOUT THE WASHBOARD OR ANY RUBBING WHATEVER. We sent them on trial, and the people bought them, and through these free samples sold over 80,000. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. McIntosh, 315 W. Adams st.) was induced by her sample that she became an agent and sold over 1200 in four months. W. C. Hamill, Box 50, Toronto, Ont., ordered over 600 after testing his sample. We have scores of just such expressions as this, "I would not take $100 for it upon the watch." OUR GREAT OFFER. This year we intend to sell not less than ONE MIL. SNOW WASHER, and to do so we make the start off by GIVING AWAY 1000 samples. All we ask of those who receive one is that they will give it a good trial, and if satisfactory recommend it to their friends. Agents are coining money. We have several who are making $10 per day and upwards. First come, first served. So if you want one from the lot we are going to give away, send your name and address at once. Address, MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 20 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill. (Mention this paper).

READ THIS!

The New York "Christian at Work" says: "We have personally examined a great many letters received from all sections of the country from those who are using this wonderful Washing Machine, and all unite in commending it in the highest terms. We believe similar reference from the "Farm and Fireside," the "Home and Farm," and scores of other papers.

MRS. GRAHAM.—"I HAVE JUST BEEN READING 'AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING,' AND LIKE IT SO WELL THAT I HAVE ORDERED A COPY FOR MYSELF AND ANOTHER FOR A FRIEND."

MISS ABBOTT.—"YES, MAMA AND I THINK IT IS THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST MAGAZINE WE HAVE PURCHASED; WE WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT FOR THREE TIMES ITS COST."

AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING

·A LADIES' HOME JOURNAL·

ON TRIAL

4 MONTHS FOR ONLY 10 CENTS

(SEND SILVER OR STAMPS)

IT IS one of the most charming illustrated ladies' magazines published. Every number is filled with entertaining stories, sketches, and all manner of useful knowledge for the household. Its departments are:

KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM Timely articles, telling how to economize in the kitchen and how to give dinners. New and selected receipts.

MOTHER'S CORNER Devoted to subjects pertaining to the care of children, hints to young wives, etc., etc. Articles from eminent physicians.

ART AND FASHION All new designs and fashions for knitting and crocheting. The latest fashion illustrated, with a well-written article describing dress and material.

OUR LETTER BOX In this department we print letters from our subscribers upon matters relating to cooking, children's interests, home adornment—in fact, everything for the well-being and happiness of the home.

EXCHANGES Under this heading we will insert notices, FREE, from our lady subscribers ONLY, who have articles they desire to exchange.

Do not miss this rare chance, but send in 10 cents for four months' trial subscription at once, or send $2.00 for $1.00 (50 cents each) and we will send the paper to you four months each to four addresses.

Remember, this offer is good for a short time only and is made simply to introduce AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING into new homes, where it is sure to receive a hearty welcome when once known.

$2.00 FOR $1.00 To any one who will send us two yearly subscribers to AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, with $1.00, we will send one copy of THE EVERY-DAY COOK BOOK, containing 370 pages, with over 600 receipts for cooking (regular price $1.00), FREE.

ADDRESS AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, 143 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit?** Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.

2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System,** being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the human body.

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	5 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached to its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over Half a Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months (March, June, September and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. SECOND GRAND DRAWING, CLASS B, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, February 7, 1888.—213th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
20	"	500	10,000
100	"	200	20,000
300	"	100	30,000
1,000	"	50	50,000
2,179	Prizes, amounting to		$300,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100	"	200	20,000
100	"	100	10,000
1,000	Terminal	50	50,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (all sums of $5 and upwards) to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Court; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

PACK Transparent Playing Cards, $1. Photos, 20 for 10c, with large Illustrated catalogue of all our goods. TAUBERT & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

16 NOVELS 100 songs and a breezy paper 3 months for 13c. The Note Book, Dwight, Ill

25 Gold Bordered Hidden Name and Love Letter Cards, samples & rings, &c. ECHO CARD Co., Higganum, Ct.

LADIES—My Tansy Pills never fail. Try them. No pain, insure regularity, safe and powerful. Ladies, beware of base counterfeits. $1 per package. Sent secure by mail. DR. B. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 25
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 05
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 85
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 60
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 30
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 30
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 05
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 35
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 50
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

In Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," written when the poet himself was full of the fire and ambition of earlier manhood, are four lines which express the ardor of one who is approaching the great city of London and catches glimmerings of the world of great possibilities which await him there:

"And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

To-day that quotation applies equally well to women. Doors which have been closed to them through the centuries have within the last two or three decades swung back upon their hinges through the persistent efforts of a few determined spirits, and young girls who see what has been accomplished by those who have had the energy and determination to enter therein are realizing that what has been done is "but earnest of the things" that they, as women, may do. Girls who, living and gazing out upon their future a quarter of a century ago, would not have dreamed of the possibility of aught else save marriage and motherhood, now look around them with a full recognition of the fact that their lives may possibly be ordered otherwise, that they may be of those self-dependent workers who must stand alone, relying upon their own hands and brains not only for place and influence in the community, but for bread-winning and home surroundings, those things which were once considered their rightful belongings as women.

It is well that it is so. The day is long since past when the cases where woman were obliged to be self-supporting were exceptional and rare. Now the numbers are legion, and they are multiplying day by day. Many influences have combined to bring about this state of things which I shall not stop to discuss here, but increased as are the avenues of employment which women may enter, they who desire or are compelled to go therein, keep pace with the increase, and in those which require the least skill and preparation, they jostle and crowd each other as men have long done in centers of population.

I say it is well that girls are beginning to understand that there is a possibility of some other outcome of their lives than marriage. Not but that a pleasant home with a husband who is brave and true, surrounded by children to whom the word mother is a synonym of a love and devotion which calls forth a corresponding love and devotion in return, not but that the peace and safety, the joy and happiness of a life so guarded, are not better than buffeting with the outside world, but there are many women who are not so situated. Many a young girl, from choice, or through sorrow or disappointment, walks alone; there are widowhoods from death, or worse than death when self-support becomes a necessity, and this is why it is well that women begin to realize that to stand alone is by no means an impossibility.

A leaven yet lingers of the old idea that labor outside of the home will cause a loss of social prestige, that to do anything which looks to a money return is a disgrace in the eyes of that small portion of humanity which makes up each individual's world. It is true that there are snobs everywhere who hold nothing in respect which has not the stamp of wealth or position upon its face, with whom no amount of culture, no artistic skill, no professional knowledge, in a woman, passes current if any or all are employed to gain a portion of what is really in their eyes the most valuable possession this life can compass. Their countenance is, however, of small moment to the earnest seeker after independence, or to one who is absorbed in a pursuit which requires strength of purpose and persevering labor. She could not be a society light, for that demands money and leisure and she has neither, therefore her path will rarely cross that of the people who will look askance at her because she uses the faculties bestowed upon her to win her livelihood.

Any chance mortification upon this score, however, will pass away from the woman who can take a broader outlook upon the world and realize what a blessed thing the ability to work really is. The really happy people—after the first flush and newness of the sprightime of life has passed away—are the busy ones, those who have something to do with a purpose in it, and each day's setting sun sees something done towards its accomplishment.

When work becomes drudgery, the drudge is not to be envied, but this state of things is quite as common, if not far more so, among the home keepers, as with those who have a trade or profession which takes them out of the limits of home every day. And that reminds me of a little book which has more good sound sense between its covers than 50 of far greater pretensions, I refer to one entitled "Bybury to Beacon street," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. Mrs. Diaz tells the story of a man who offered to do his wife's work one day when she was sick. He told her to make out a list of what she had before her for the forenoon, and then he would go through it "like a book." This was the list and many a woman will hear a familiar ring in the items:

"Get children ready for school; wash dishes; sweep; make the beds; fill the lamps; see to the baby; rub the knives; make a stew for dinner; make mush for dinner; skim the milk; work over yesterday's butter; bake the bread; iron the baby's flannel petticoat; hang out some clothes left in soak since Monday; bake a pie for supper."

Any woman can imagine that man's tribulations before the noon hour came, and the story is funny enough, but the pith of the whole thing to me was in the concluding paragraph of the recital: "Upon this John went into another fit of meditation. Once during the time he muttered to himself without stirring, "No noonings, no evenings, no rainy days," Afterwards he turned in his chair, rested his chin on the back and muttered the same thing, "No noonings, no evenings, no rainy days." He had been brought to a realization of the treadmill life his wife was leading, while he had imagined that she was having an easy time.

This, however, is wandering from the subject. I only referred to it because so many girls and women who are working for wages feel so keenly the hardship of being obliged to conform to hours. They have the satisfaction of knowing when their work is done, which a great majority of housewives, such as Mrs. Diaz describes—and they comprise the vast majority—do not. Nor does it matter whether these housewives live in Bybury or Beacon street, whether they do their own work as John's wife did, or have servants to look after, there is a constant and almost unvarying round of duties.

The moral of the matter is this: There are compensations in all ordinary conditions of life, just as there are trials, but the women who can look forward and see

"That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do"

with their brains and hands, are by no means to be wept over, neither need they pity themselves. But they *may* have courage to work with a will for the prizes of life, being assured that courage and determination will win their way over mountains.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Furniture Covers.—In a room which is used a great deal, it is often found necessary to cover some prized piece of furniture with something which will wash. Dark blue denim, etched prettily with some bright color makes a good cover for a cushion. Another that looks well, especially for the summer, is of white dimity. Made for a sofa pillow with a bunch of flowers etched, and beneath the words, "Pleasant Dreams," or "Rest for the Weary," it is very attractive.

Shaving Paper Case.—This is a pretty present for a gentleman. Get a half yard of heavy satin or gross-grain satin, six inches wide, another half yard of ribbon of the same width, but of some contrasting color to the first, fringe out the ends of both for a depth of an inch and a half, face the wrong sides together and overhand the sides neatly. Then fold the two across the middle, and half an inch below the crease put a row of machine stitching across which makes casing, through which pass a little rod, and with it a narrow ribbon, which is long enough to tie in a bow with ends, thus forming a loop to hang it up by.

Across the inside of the case in the crease sew a piece of strong silk elastic, the color of the lining, and have the tissue paper cut in sheets just large enough to draw through and be enclosed between the covers. The outside of the case may be painted or embroidered. If the latter, it must be done before the lining is put in.

What remains of the last edition of the pamphlet "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be sold for 15 cents each. Send to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.—ED.

DECORATIVE ART WORK.

Parrot for Panel, Placque or Wall Banner.—The brilliancy of the parrots' plumage adapts it, in a decorative way, to a variety of back grounds. The size of pattern is 13½x18 inches. An ebonized wooden panel would be very nice, as they are easy to paint on, but satin or velvet may be used if desired. In any case do the stamping with white powder, if a dark back ground is used. Three sizes of long-handled red sable brushes will be needed, and the following tube oil colors: Raw umber, brown madder, mauve lake, lake, burnt sienna; a pane of glass for palette, bottle of pale drying oil. First take out a little white and add a pen point of lemon yellow, with this paint the bill. Paint the thighs pure yellow, and the claws with raw umber with markings of the yellow after the umber is dry. Paint the eye with the umber. Paint the fore part of the head and cheeks with the vermilion; extending over and behind the eye paint with lemon yellow to which a little each of vermilion and raw umber has been added. Paint edge of wings with yellow to which a touch of vermillion has been added. The wings should be painted with brown madder, with touches of green, lemon yellow and cobalt blue. The middle tail feathers paint with chrome green, the rest with brown madder. Paint the branch upon which the parrot sits with chrome green and touches of burnt sienna. Paint the small berries attached to branch with mauve lake. If this design is painted on any dark shade of satin or velvet, before laying on these natural shades give a thin coat of white paint to the entire design. Questions in regard to painting answered if accompanied by postage for reply.

If catalogue of choice designs suited for painting or embroidery is desired, send six cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; y p, yarn over to purl; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, three thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t s, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s s, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Fascinator.—Materials, 2¼ ozs. light old gold, 2½ ozs. dark scarlet knitting silk and two No. 9 bone needles. Cast on 200 stitches, using a third each color. The two spools may be used at once, but a more convenient way is to wind the two spools off on one before beginning to knit. Knit back and forth plain, but always putting the thread twice instead of once around the needle. Knit 11 times each way, 22 rows in all. Slip half the stitches off on a spare needle, and knit back and forth on the remaining half 36 times each way. Bind off as tightly as possible. Knit up the stitches from the spare needle in the same way. You now have a very broad but short piece, which is to form the head, and two long strings. Crochet across the front of the head piece (still using both colors) a scallop of solid crochet stitches separated by one chain. Between the alternate trebles crochet a shell of 5 long trebles, fastened by 1 double crochet in the intervening spaces. Now, crochet all around, except across the ends of the strings, a border composed of 6 chain, 1 single crochet on every alternate row of the knitting along the side, and on the center of each shell in front. In the second row, always 10 chain, 1 double crochet on the 10 chain of the preceding round. Run a thread of the silk across the front of the head-piece, just back of the crocheted border, and draw it up, so as a shirring. Fasten by a bow of scarlet and gold ribbon. Draw the ends of the strings up tight, and finish with a tassel of the silk. A bit of scarlet or gold lining silk basted under the head-piece after it is drawn up will be a convenience, as it prevents the hair being caught in the silk. This is a particularly elegant fascinator and always sets well, however the hair is dressed.

Moss Edge.—Materials, scraps of embroidery silk, some fine twine or crochet cotton, and two No. 18 knitting needles. Cast on with the cotton 11 stitches, more or less, according to the width of the edge desired, but always an odd number, and knit across once plain. 2d row—K 1—wind four threads of silk twice around the forefinger of the left hand—insert the right hand needle in the next stitch and also in the silk, and knit them off together, and slipping the silk off the finger as the stitch is slipped off the needle. Repeat to the end. 3d row—Plain. Repeat these two rows until the edge is the desired length. Then, with sharp scissors, clip all the silk loops so as form an open fringe. This edge improves with age, the silk untwists, and forms a thick, velvety surface, entirely concealing the cotton foundation. It will be found very pretty for the edge of a lamp-mat, for instance, and is a nice way of using up the odds and ends of silk that accumulate so rapidly. The colors may be put in "hit or miss," or arranged to form a pattern.—*Belding's Knitting.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DRESS-CHURCH COSTUMES.—How many of us waste hours and hours every day in adorning our persons with braided or curled hair, useless collars, cuffs, ribbons and other articles that add neither warmth nor comfort to our bodies? All of us who are compelled to make our own and our children's dresses spend much time in trimming, ruffling, crimping, fluting and frilling, we knit and crochet for hours, we embroider, darn, pucker and fix, many of us pencil, paint and powder. Was our time given to us for no better purpose? Let us go into any modern church—we see the ladies decked in every color of the rainbow, with laces, ruffles, tucks, pleats, beades, bangs, flowers (artificial ones), feathers and all kinds of ornaments to make them more beautiful and attractive than they would otherwise appear. Such exquisite figures! They are shaped by the aid of cotton-batting, paper, wire and everything else that can pad out one place and squeeze in another. Is this right? Do we hear the sermon? Do we go there to worship or to see the latest styles, or to display our own finery? Remember, "we should avoid all appearance of evil." Many persons dress far beyond their means in order to be "in style." Others stay away from the house of God because they can't afford to dress so well as the majority who go there. Often we see a poor, old-fashioned lady in church who feels ashamed of her clothes. Often we see giddy young girls, who pay no attention whatever to the service, but merely go to flaunt their finery and comment on the dress of others. Sometimes a young lady faints, to be carried out in the arms of some gentleman, and have her corset ripped open with a pocket knife before she can breathe. This I know is seldom, but it has happened nevertheless. Ought not we, who are Christians, to use our influence against such barbarous fashions?

Now I propose a practical reform in the matter of women's dress at church. We can't bring about a radical change all at once. We needn't give ourselves the reputation of a "lot of cranks" by being altogether different from other folks and eternally preaching up dress reform, but let us show ourselves sensible by our example. For the sake of future generations we should try to keep ourselves healthy. We owe it to our offspring. If we pinch our feet, squeeze our waists and bare our arms and bodies, will not they have to suffer for it? Let those who go to balls wear what they please. When we are at home or among our friends at our neighbors's houses, why not wear any kind of an easy, neat fitting, neatly made, comfortable costume that need not cause remark? We may wear any color, and have our dresses trimmed or plain, as suits us best, but let us discard corsets, hoops, bustles, stays and tight belts or waists. Let us have our clothing comfortable. Let the heavy skirts be supported from the shoulders; wear warm chemeloons instead of chemeese and drawers—wear wrappers instead of basques and skirts. We can make a wrapper just as pretty as any kind of a dress, while it is more comfortable; but whatever we wear at home, on the street, at parties, and elsewhere, let us dress comfortably and plainly at church. Let us not drive the poor away or divert from the service the attention of the godless. Let us cease to attract all eyes to our costumes and endeavor by good works to become a light to others.

Now the style of dress I would recommend for church wear is this: Comfortable underwear, shoes and wraps, a plain Mother Hubbard wrapper of black, brown or gray material, of white for summer, worn with a sash of the same material, a plain hat or bonnet of the same color, and any kind of collars and cuffs that suit the taste of the wearer. I know many of you will hoot at the idea of a Mother Hubbard dress, but I recommend it because any one can wear it, because it is comfortable and is not stylish. Some women can never get a tight fitting dress with comfort. Besides, if we wear a loose dress, it lessens the need of a corset, which we have almost come to regard as a necessity; then, if all were loose dresses, they would not look odd. I have made up my mind to adopt this style of dress for church wear in the future. My dress shall be a black Mother-Hubbard (with a sash of the same) minus ruffles, tucks or other trimming. Who else will do likewise? You can choose your own material, only, please don't get silk or satin if your neighbors are compelled to wear calico, and do not wear gaudy colors which will surely attract attention. You can save your pretty dresses for parties and gay occasions, for home to please the eyes of your dear ones, and among your neighbors of equal rank. I would like to hear from others on this subject. Will you not help start this new style, sisters, and thus by your example help to destroy a growing evil?—that of living merely to dress and caring for, or doing, nothing else. We might form a sort of dress reform society and have a code of rules and a suitable motto if so desired. Will those who intend to adopt the style of dress described (or one similar) for church wear, please send their names to me, or am I alone in this step?

I have received much benefit from the HOUSEHOLD, and wish to thank the lady who recommended prune's milk for babies who were troubled with constipation. I will add that mothers troubled the same way should use Graham bread and mush three times a day and eat plenty of fruit.

I would like to describe a Christmas eve entertainment for children, but guess it is too late in the season.—N. D. UNDERHILL, Canon City, Col.

TRAMPS.—There was one of them here at our house to-day; but that was nothing unusual, for Springstone is frequently visited by them. It is situated so near the city that the gentry can make excursions out here, and at the approach of cold, or stormy weather they can return to their rendezvous. A few warm, pleasant days, and they make their appearance out here in alarming numbers, all ages being represented, from the youthful vagrant with the bloom of health on his countenance under the top dressing of grime, and coal-dust, and filth; to the old man, leaning heavily on his staff, and tottering as he goes. They are nearly, or quite, all of them black; not by nature, but by choice; indeed I have wondered why it is that we see so few negro tramps; perhaps their early training and education have unfitted them for the profession, or perhaps their inherent love of home prevents them from adopting this nomadic life; at any rate the majority of tramps are Caucasians, many of them are foreigners, perchance "descended from a line of kings."

The day was bitter cold, making it necessary to keep a roaring fire in order to maintain a comfortable temperature indoors. A stove well filled with sugar-tree wood was making itself felt in our sitting room, and I, with a copy of the BLADE in hand, was very comfortably settled in a chair reading, when my attention was called to the fact that somebody was on the walk and coming around to the rear of the house. I wonder why tramps always come to the back door? Do even they know that their personal appearance would make them unwelcome intruders to our "front rooms?" I was near a window and one look was sufficient to satisfy me as to his identity and his errand. Before he made known his presence at the kitchen door, and I opened it, I saw a most villainous looking man, rather above medium size, well muscled, and apparently healthy, and I subsequently found that he was hearty. He was, to all appearance, as well and comfortably clothed as the ordinary laborer, but his face would was unkempt, and he was dirty and grimy beyond all description; one of his ears was badly frozen, and he was evidently suffering considerably with it. Of course he wanted something to eat. While he was making his wants known, I directed my glance to a pile of wood near the door of the wood-house, he noticed it, but did not volunteer to saw wood for his dinner, and as the weather was too cold for a man to stay out doors comfortably long enough to earn his dinner I told him to come in and warm himself. It was with evident satisfaction that he seated himself near the stove and extended his filthy hands to its genial warmth.

As it is a rule in our house to give food to the hungry, whoever it may be, I stepped into the kitchen, and soon returning, gave him that which ought to make a hungry man happy. Spreading a soiled handkerchief over his lap, he prepared to eat his lunch by the fire. While eating, he sat with downcast face and averted eyes, and I could not help noting the apparent relish with which he ate; and he was really very careful to make no muss on the floor, eating over his handkerchief, and having finished, he carefully wrapped up in it the remaining crumbs. His lunch over with, he shuffled to the door, and with a half grunted "Much obliged" took his departure.

One does not like to be annoyed with tramps; and while they are, perhaps, as a rule an idle vagabond class, yet I believe the quickest and easiest way to get rid of them is to give them something to eat, without questioning them about their circumstances. I am aware that two, by so doing, *sometimes* feed those who are unworthy, but we cannot always know; and then I do not believe that we are in danger of impoverishing our store by doing so. Then too we do not know but what some of them, perhaps many, are objects meet for charity, and I believe that the American people are so open-hearted that they would rather be occasionally imposed upon by an unworthy beggar than turn away a worthy hungry one from their doors.

Do we ever realize what an unaccountably fickle phantom Fortune is? Do we ever consider that at the next turn of her wheel that is spinning out our destiny, we may be cast out and become wanderers on the face of the earth; that we may become tramps if you please, and find it necessary to live upon what people may grudgingly give us? Do we ever consider that "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and that what we have and call ours belongs to God, and that he will require us to give an account for the use of what he has entrusted to our care? And, really, if we give food to the hungry, though they may be a despised class, called tramps, are we not merely giving that which belongs to God, unto his creatures after all? And now, frankly, let us consider to us? Let us remember, then, that tramps are human beings, that they are God's creatures, and let us not judge them too harshly, but remember the words of Him who obeyed to the fullest extent the law of law embraced in these words: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—R. E. EVESQUIL.

INQUIRIES.

Can any one give the pattern for fern leaf lace?—A READER.

Will some one please send pastern for knitting a toboggan cap?—LAVINA WATERS.

G. A. A. Brooks, Iowa, wants to know how to make the diamond stitch used in hair jewelry.

Can any one tell me what will clean a gilt frame, or if it can be cleaned after the flies have spoiled it?

Will "Mrs. H. E. S." please send the recipes for coloring green, blue and chrome yellow on cotton goods through the BLADE?—MRS. M. J. T.

Will Jennie J. please tell through the HOUSEHOLD what part of Washington Territory she is in and how far from a railroad?—A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

I think there is a mistake in knitted lace in the October No. 27, in the 8th row of Cat-Track Lace. Please may we have it corrected?—M. E. I., Kansas.

Will some one please tell me the difference between rolled gold plate and gold plate; also what is meant by etruscan gold plate, and what is meant by Roman gold plate, also the color of rhinestone and of Bohemian garnet?—COUNTRY COUSIN.

Will some one please state what will curl short hair? It is too short to put up in papers and I cannot curl it with an iron.—BUTTERCUP.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please sent directions for knitting the scolloped diamond fence-row lace with diamond in center.—A SUBSCRIBER.

I would like to take a girl to raise on a farm, from five to fifteen years old. Would give one a good home. For references and particulars write to—MRS. MARY CHIVILL, Thayer, Kas.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD inform me what Gen. Jennings's name was? He was in the revolutionary war. He went from Carolina, Pasquotank county. His scriptural name is what I want.—A. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Edna," throw oatmeal in the warm or tepid water in which you wash your hands. It is well to keep a bowl of it standing where it can be used whenever needed. If you use the ivory instrument that comes for the purpose to shove the skin back from the nails, you will not have the trouble you speak of.

"Very Anxious," sandwiches should be passed in the early part of the lunch or supper. They are generally served with the coffee.

Cheese may be taken from the plate with the fingers, and so eaten.

"Inquirer," the plants that do best in a cool room, say at an average temperature of 55 degrees, are azaleas, daisies, carnations, candy tuft and sweet elyssum, dusty miller, chrysanthemums, ciseraria, camellias, daphnae, odora, fever-few, geraniums, petunas, primroses, sweet-scented violets, verbenas and vincas.

"Nell" it is *always* the lady's privilege to say when a gentleman may call, whether the couple are engaged or not.—ED.

I would like to tell "Watchful" that if she will use sulphur it will cure diphtheria, if taken in time. Burn it on the stove and let them inhale the smoke. Let them gargle the throat with it in water. I have used it and like it the best of anything.—A FRIEND.

I saw a request from "A. B. W." in the BLADE of December 8 for some one to describe Southern Colorado. I have lived for five years just south of the dividing line between the Platte and the Arkansas rivers, and I would not exchange my place here for any other that I know of. We do not have to irrigate here and raise almost almost all kinds of crops. We get snow in the winter time, and an abundance of rain in the summer. We can raise wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatos, beans, and all other kinds of vegetables. We have splendid drinking water, either spring or well water. Wood and coal are very cheap.—L. M. G., Eastonville, Col.

Please tell "Subscriber" if she dies intestate and leaving no issue, her husband inherits her property. She may will one-half of her estate to other parties if she likes, and with a written consent from her husband she may will more than one-half, or even all of her estate to other parties. This written consent signed by the husband should be witnessed by at least two disinterested persons, and should accompany the will when offered for probate.—MRS. HENRY ABBOTT, Woodruff, Kas.

To those wishing to make the fly paper next summer use seed oil instead of castor oil. It is less expense and more sticky, and made the right consistency, which requires some patience. I melted one pound of rosin, pouring in oil till right, having a smooth paper near by to test it, and when the flies begin to locate for life on the smeared paper, I ceased to add oil. This amount lasted me all summer, and it certainly was a relief before meal time, to spread a fresh sheet across a sugar bowl or something else that would attract. The knife should be warmed before spreading.—MRS. S. D. BROSIUS, Tiffin, O.

I am a poor sewing girl, but my sympathies are with all who suffer, and seeing by the paper that several are tortured by dyspepsia I send the following simple remedy which has completely cured me and several others, who, like myself, were ready to die. It is this: Take a teacupful of water, just as hot as it can possibly be sipped from a spoon, every morning before taking a mouthful of anything else. Do this faithfully for three weeks and you will receive the benefit that I did. I now can eat all and anything I can get.—LIZZIE VAN DERUSEN.

If "J. E. H." will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send her directions for constructing a shoulder cape, for I cannot make it plain enough without sending a sample.

Will some one tell me what tatted loop and four-double knot means in crocheting?—MARIE B. SCHMITZ, Cumberland Furnace, Dickson county, Tennessee.

"H. H." inquires if algebra can be studied at home. Very easily if mathematics is easy for you. If not, "nothing is impossible to him who wills." I am sure, because I studied it in advance of my class, with no assistance from my teacher and only occasional recitations.—E. I., Big Springs, Michigan.

Advice to all housekeepers—Get an old book, an old geography, for instance, and cut all the patterns out and paste on one side and on the other side paste the recipes. I have one, and when I want anything I know where to find it. I think if all the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD would do that way they would find it much less trouble than writing to the HOUSEHOLD for patterns which have been published two or three different times, and it would save the editor much bother. Many thanks to the editor for her valuable words—S. A. SPENCER, Fargo, Cass county, D. T., box 1,293.

About Turkeys—I have had good luck raising turkeys by keeping the hen in while sitting and also while raising. I mean till weaned. Feed hard boiled eggs peppered, and sometimes bread crumbs. Keep off lice. Be sure and keep them dry from rain and damp, have the coops so as to let them roost on the ground but not move once a week. A box or half barrel does very well with a door made in it to shut up at night. Tie the mother near it and spade some for her to scratch every day and wallow.—A. A. I.

For Fleshworms—Tell "May Flower" to wash her face every day with warm water and soap, and after drying rub with weak camphor, using a little Powder with corn starch. I have been bothered with them and find this to be the best I have ever tried. Never use complexion powder of any kind; it will only make them worse.—SUE, Glasgow, Mo.

RECIPES.

Ginger Snaps.—Two cupfuls lard, two cupfuls molasses, one tablespoonful soda, three tablespoonfuls ginger, one cupful brown sugar.—WESTERN RAMBLER.

To Cook Salsify.—Scrape the thin outside skin, nicely cut in pieces about one-fourth inch large. Cook until quite tender. Season well with salt and pepper. Let it stew almost dry, then pour on a little sweet cream and plenty of butter. Let it simmer several minutes in that. Some times I use a little flour in the cream to make it thicker. It is good without the cream, but in that case use more butter, and leave a little of its own gravy on. Salsify will admit of a good deal of seasoning, and is an excellent dish with chicken gravy.—PEN.

For Inflammation of the Bladder.—Steep smart weed, and lay on the body over where the pain is, cloths dipped and wrung out of it. Have them as hot as they can be borne. At the same time, give 25 drops of aconite in a tablespoonful of water every hour for 6 hours, or until you think the fever has gone down. Take corn silk, 2 good handsful; boil in 4 qts. of water till only 1 qt. remains; strain and put into it 1 teacupful of white sugar; shake up, and give a wineglassful 3 times a day. My son, aged 19, was so bad he came very near having fits, the pain was so severe, and after I did for him what I have told you, he got well. Please do not put this in the waste basket, as it may do some one some good.—MRS. B. F. SMITH, Lexington, Mason Co., Mich.

To Keep Mince Meat for Pies in Jars.—To each pound of boiled chopped beef add two pounds suet; 1 pound seeded and chopped raisins; 1 teacupful of dried strawberries or whatever fruit is preferred; 2 gills molasses; lemon chopped fine; 1 ounce cinnamon; 1 of cassia buds; 1 nutmeg; 2 tablespoonfuls salt; 1 tea-spoonful of black pepper; same of cloves and allspice, all ground fine. Mix well and boil the water down almost to a jelly—that the meat was boiled in, adding it to the meat. Pack all in a crock, cover with the grease that came off the liquors where meat was boiled and set in cellar. It will keep for years. When making pies of this preparation it will bear three cupfuls of apple sauce, one of old cider or half cupful of vinegar to one of the meat, a little piece of butter and water to make it thin enough for pies. Bake with two crusts. In using this recipe—one is not compelled to follow it implicity—the main object is to sweeten and spice up the meat so it will not sour or mould.—MRS. E. BURGDORF, Bennetsville, N. Y.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

WOOSTER, O.	Harry Weller	Melvin Womer
Edgar J Yohnz	Harry Phew	Warren Womer
C A Winebrenner	Harry Hezle	Jaggie Jones
Eva Winebrenner	Cliff Atwell	Charlie Stevens
CROSBY, MO.	George Burrow	Allie Ershon
Ella M Biggs	Martin Myers	Thos Williamson
Ada E Dickee	Frank Jacobs	Bertie Eva
Emma M Colgin	Sam Rox	Lizzie Richards
Jennie A Hayes	Joe Rox	Gardin Northup
Lily M Dickee	LOOMIS, MICH.	Ellsworth Stoffer
Ollie A McKee	Della Ratliff	BRADYVILLE, WIS.
Allie I McKee	Lucy Ratliff	Isadore Bossie
Earl Keathy	Cass Ratliff	Roselle Willard
Barl Popplewell	Laura Howard	Nellie Gullck
C H Garne	Willie Howard	HAZELTON, WIS.
ZANESVILLE, O.	Frank Wilson	Carrie Hart
Nellie Worstall	Alva Wilson	Maud Hart
Maggie Atwell	I B Smith	Edia Hart
Mabel Dew	LOOMIS, MICH.	Mabel Hart
Cora Bell	Arthur Clute	ARTESIAN CITY,
Lulu Smith	Charlie Davis	DAK.
Katie Brainant	James Teal	Minnie Taylor
Rosie McBride	ALTOONA, PA.	Bertie Taylor
Cora Conor	Mollie J Logue	Gracie Taylor
Edith Jordan	Ella Logue	CARLSBURG, IND.
Edith Josselyn	Abram K Logue	Maggie A Burkett
Stella Frazier	WOMER, KAN.	GARDINER, ORE.
Stella Knight	Calip Stoffer	Joseph Hunt
Letta Kearns	Mary Stoffer	Albert Anderson
Wm Phillips	Bertha Stoffer	Johnny Moomo
Finley Vermillion	Martha Stoffer	Alice Morris
N Wilkinson	Frank Maydew	Flossie Wells
Fred Geiger	Herbert Maydew	Ralph F Mocine
Fred Cummings	Harry Maydew	Harry F Mocine
Orla Bolin	Bertha Eva	Lily Seymour
Frank Filler	Nellie Eva	Edna Mackey
Arlie Whall	Hollie Schumwell	Harley Black
Will Studinan	Bertha Schumwell	Fred O'Oar
Harry Rox	Bettie Womer	Clarence Melvin

Names this week, 194. Total 21,789.

The above embraces all names received up to January 19.

BORROWED TROUBLES.

MARY C. BELL.

Little Miss Midget
Is all of a fidget
(Her cares as a mother are really trying,
Enough to made her despair):
"Oh have you seen Polly?
My best little doll
I am so careful of her—I feel like crying—
I've left her—I don't know where."

"What did she wear?
Her own ringlety hair,
One little red shoe, her—yes, her gold locket,
And—oh! her be-u-tiful smi-el"—
Don't cry, little Midget;
'Tis foolish to fidget,
For there, in plain view, sticking out of your pocket,
Were Polly's poor legs all the while!
—*Wide Awake.*

WHAT JANET DID WITH HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY L. J. L.

When Janet awoke on Christmas morning and saw her stocking, which had been placed most invitingly beside the chimney the night before, hanging as limp and apparently empty as at the moment of leaving it there, she was not a little astonished as well as grieved at the thought that Santa Claus had passed her by.

This was not strange, for such a thing had never happened before; but after rubbing her eyes to make sure of being awake, she looked again and was so positive it had occurred now, notwithstanding there was no reason to expect it, that when she arose to prepare for breakfast she did not take the pains to so much as peep into her stocking to verify her surmises.

And there is no telling when she would have done so had not her pride whispered, as she was about to leave the room, it would be well to put the empty stocking out of sight, and thus hide from others the evidence of her disappointment.

But the moment she laid her hand upon it for this purpose she discovered that she had been hasty in assuming that a part of it was not empty. Concealed in a fold of the upper part was a sealed envelope directed to Miss Janet Dunstan, and beside it a neat package wrapped in tissue-paper which, when unrolled, she found to contain five ten-dollar bills.

What could it mean? Could so much money be really hers?

For a little while Janet was too much bewildered to think of the note in her hand as a probable explanation, but presently she caught sight of it, and with a little laugh at her own stupidity she opened it and found in grandpa's hand-writing the quaintest, queerest epistle it had ever been hers to peruse.

It began with "Respected granddaughter" and then with a profusion of big words and complimentary phrases, went on to relate how a number of her worshipful friends, consisting of father, mother, Uncle Jim, grandma and himself had gathered themselves together at an appointed place to discuss the subject of Christmas gifts; and being thus in "solemn conclave assembled" that which should be done for her had received due attention, and it had been the unanimous decision in view of the fact of her having attained the dignity of 15 years, that it was time to cease filling her stockings with toys and confections; and, as it had been somewhat difficult to decide what other offerings might be most acceptable, they had finally come to the conclusion to act upon a suggestion made by Uncle Tim, which was to give nothing but money, with which she could procure such things as would best suit her taste; therefore, in the accompanying package she would please find five $10 bills from each; and hoping this would prove entirely satisfactory, he had the honor to subscribe himself her humble servant, ect., etc. etc.

Janet laughed. Knowing well grandpa's propensity for joking she saw the sly fun with which all these stilted phrases had been indited; but when she again looked upon the money in her hand, her eyes filled with tears at the thought of the confidence in her, on the part of her relatives, which so generous a gift signified.

For none of them were wealthy, although in fairly comfortable circumstances, and she knew so large an amount of money would never have been placed at her disposal had they not been tolerably sure that it would not be foolishly expended. And then and there she resolved that she should see that their confidence had not been misplaced. Not one dollar would she use until there had been discovered some good purpose to which the whole could be devoted.

But the discovering of such a purpose proved more difficult than anticipated; partly, because she knew without being told, that it was not expected the money would be used for clothing or for any of those necessary things such as her parents had been in the habit of providing; and she labored under a great disinclination to ask advice in the matter, having an instinctive feeling that this would in a measure be a sort of test, which stimulated her to be equal to the emergency alone.

A week elapsed, and the opening day of the winter term of school arrived with the question no nearer a settlement than on Christmas morning, except that she had come to the determination to find, if possible, some method of investing her money, by which, while serving some useful purpose to others as well as herself, it should be made to yield something of interest in return.

This denoted both a benevolent and practical turn of mind; and as if only waiting such a conclusion, a plan whereby this possibly might be accomplished was that day suggested to her in a remark made by one of her school-mates which she chanced to overhear.

"Oh, how I wish," said one little girl, to another, "some one here would keep books to lend as they do in cities. My auntie writes she has the reading of all the books she desires by simply paying two cents a day for their use."

Janet started as she thought flashed across her mind that, perhaps, here was something she could do; and she wondered how many books fifty dollars would buy, and if she would be capable of managing a circulating library of this kind.

The more she thought about it the more pleasing seemed the idea; and when Saturday came, bringing a respite from school duties, as was her wont with all matters of importance, she went to talk it over with grandpa and get his opinion.

Without preamble of delay, waiting only to exchange greetings, she plunged directly into her subject by saying:

"Grandpa, I have decided that I would like to open a circulating library with my money. Do you think I have enough?"

Evidently grandpa was not a little surprised, as well as amused, for he seemed for a moment to be struggling between a desire to both whistle and laugh, although he actually did neither; but, giving Janet a quizzical look over his spectacles he said:

"Whoa! and so you propose to devote your means to charitable purposes, do you?"

"No, I don't mean to do anything of the kind," answered Janet; "I propose to have pay for lending my books."

Then grandpa did laugh and whistle too. But Janet did not allow herself to be disturbed, well knowing that she was sure of his sympathy and attention when he should have his laugh out; and directly, as she expected, he became quite grave, and asked her what had put such an idea into her head.

Then, as she was confident he would, he listened most kindly while she told him all that had been in her mind from the moment of receiving her gift, and of how the little girl's remark had seemed to indicate a way by which she could do not only that which she so much desired, but also to gratify a wish she had herself often felt—a wish for more fresh reading matter than it had been at all times convenient to procure. For she thought, could she purchase a small number of volumes and lend them in the manner suggested, that perhaps these might yield a sufficient return to enable her to get such others as might from time to time be desired.

A look of pleased interest gradually stole over grandpa's face as Janet told her plan, and when she had finished he took his spectacles in his hand, and while balancing them on his forefinger, remarked:

"Why, Janet, you bid fair to become a capital business woman! This is not a bad project for a 15-year old head!"

"But what do you think, grandpa?—can I make it work?" queried Janet impatiently, too intent upon her purpose to care for compliments.

Grandpa deliberated a few moments and then replied:

"Yes, Janet, I believe your idea is a practicable one, providing you are willing to begin in a small way."

This Janet expected as a matter of course, for she well knew fifty dollars could not be made to buy a great number of books; but thinking there might be more in grandpa's remark than appeared, she asked him to explain.

"Why," said he, "inasmuch as your means will not admit of many books, it seems to me that it would be advisable to restrict the variety to only such as may be suited to a single class of readers; for instance, to young people like yourself."

Janet's eyes sparkled as she clapped her hands and said:

"I like that. So it shall be; and we will call it the Boys' and Girls' Library."

The project approved and a name chosen, what further remained to be done seemed comparatively easy. At least so Janet thought; for grandpa, thoroughly pleased with the idea, very cheerfully offered to assume the entire charge of bringing the library into working order, after which it was understood the whole management would rest upon Janet.

It would occupy too much space to enter into all the details of how this was finally brought about—of the letters written to distant booksellers and the answers received; of the catalogues he and Janet looked over together and their discussions in regard to the merits of different authors—therefore we will omit all this and come at once to the completed work as it stood when ready to hand over to Janet's charge.

At first father and mother had been somewhat doubtful of the scheme; but upon learning that it met with grandpa's approval they conc

The Farm.

Farmers' Institutes—Writing for the Paper.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see in recent numbers of the BLADE solicitations of correspondence from farmers throughout different sections of the country. For my part I do not think there is a farmer in the country half-way worthy of the name who could not write something of interest to some of the many readers of the BLADE. Just now the subject of Farmers' institutes is attracting some attention throughout this part of the country. The first one ever held in this county was in December last. Owing to a very severe change in the weather there was not as large an attendance as had been anticipated, although the attendance was fair, some one hundred people being present. A good time was had. Such subjects as were of vital interest to farmers, were discussed and commented on, and will undoubtedly result in good. With a thoroughly organized system of farmers' institutes in every county, with meetings, say every three or six months, and with branch institutes in every township, where the farmers can meet, say once a month and exchange ideas and discuss such subjects as they are most directly interested in, would, if the general farming public should take a proper interest in, result in a vast amount of good.

But this result can only be attained in time and by well organized effort, and in the meantime we should not fail to provide ourselves with the best agricultural papers and such family newspapers as devote a portion of their columns to the farm (the BLADE for instance), and through them try to improve ourselves by helping each other in giving the result of our own practical experience. By describing our different modes of cultivating different crops, and giving the result as well as by stating our different ideas of the management of all kinds of stock, we cannot help gaining some new ideas with every week's issue.

It might be infered from the above that with a system of institutes farmers would have less need of agricultural papers than at present. Such an idea I did not intend to convey, for with such a system, and by improving ourselves at home and making ourselves better acquainted with farming as a business, we are only the better enabled to maintain such papers and be in turn benefitted by them.—GEO. A. SHRIGLEY, Le Roy, Ill.—[Mr. Shrigley gives expressions here that should be read by every farmer carefully. He very pointedly speaks of the fact that farmers can write something of interest. Farmers' institutes are a source of great benefit. We live in an age of progress and the farmer who does not keep abreast of the times in gathering the ideas of others, both through institutes (or by whatever name they may be called) and the press, loses much. At a single meeting a farmer may hear expressions worth the price of a good horse to him.—ED.]

Old Iron for Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have seen an account of the successful experiment of a correspondent in the *Country Gentleman*, who buried old iron about the roots of his trees, which resulted in a great improvement in their growth and in a greatly increased crop of fruit.

I have no doubt of the correctness of the statement, as I have had some experience in the same line.

I have seen a letter where another correspondent tries to explain away his theory by saying that it was not the action of the old iron buried at the roots of the trees that caused action in their fruit, but it was caused by the loosening of the soil to a greater depth, which caused the trees to grow more rapidly. To strengthen the experiment made by the correspondent of the old iron theory, I will give my experiment, which I tried some six years ago, on 10-year old apple trees which had never borne an apple up to that time.

I had a threshing machine that I had worn out, which gave me plenty of old iron. I took the teeth from the cylinder and wedged them into the forks of the apple trees, just enough to prevent them from falling out, and now at the present time there is not a tooth to be seen. The are completely buried in the trees. The first season after putting them in there was few apples on the trees. The second year I had to prop up the limbs to carry the fruit, and every year of late I have taken a long rope and encircled the tops to keep the limbs from splitting down, they were so overloaded with fruit. I only experimented with six trees, and all of the same variety of apples.

The four trees left out never bore and three or four years ago I drove common nails into the bodies of those trees. Last year they were loaded with nice large apples. Into the trees I drove a double handful of nails, and I am so thoroughly convinced that iron has a beneficial effect upon the sap of the tree, that I am driving nails into three year old trees, thinking that it gives greater vitality to the sap of the tree.

In driving the nails in, I drive them just at the surface of the ground and up to the forks of the limbs. In case I should want the tree for firewood those nails would not come in contact with the ax.—IRA TINKHAM, Greenwood, Neb. [Mr. Tinkham's experiment exhibits a proper spirit of progressiveness. The giving of renewed vitality to old trees by the means named is worth knowing.—ED.]

Good Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A few facts for farmers.

How to grease a buggy—Raise the axle with a jack or a bottle under it. Take the nut off with a pair of blacksmith's tongs if you have them, for then you will not get your hands dirty. Wipe the spindle and also the box clean with an old cloth. Put on half a teaspoonful of castor oil, put the wheel back on and let the axel down as quickly as possible. Now spin the wheel round and round as some do, for that leaves the oil on the bottom of the axle, and when you let the wheell down the oil will be forced out at the end.

Dogs on the Farm—A good Shepherd dog is a valuable assistant on the farm, but as a general rule dogs are not well trained, and as a consequence is worse than none at all. Cattle and sheep need to be trained as well as the dog. Cows that are unaccustomed to being driven by a dog will be frightened and worried till they get used to the dog and he to them. If you have no dog do not buy one, for the chances are that you will get a poor one, but instead buy bran and feed your cows liberally, and they will be on hand every time you want to milk them, and will well repay, by an increased flow of milk, for the money you invested in feed.

How to Tie Up a Beef Hide—In skinning slit the hide from the horns down over the nose. When off spread out with hair side down and fold in from each side till it is about 20 inches across, then commence at the head and roll tightly, leaving the pieces that have eye-holes in hang out one at each end of the roll; now put the tail through one eye-hole, then through the other, draw down tight and you have the hide in a neat bundle that can be thrown or dragged about without any danger of it coming unfastened. Sometimes a new rope when first used will, if worked through block, tangle and twist up causing considerable trouble in straightening it out. Take the rope and it will change ends with it and the trouble will be stopped.—JOHN. [John" gives a good deal of valuable information in a short space. Facts like the above contribute to assist the farmer and to make his work pleasurable.—ED.]

More About Threshing Shocked Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to J. G. Rosemond, Ill., will say: There has been considerable shocked corn threshed in this section the past two seasons. There is no objection to it if the corn is dry enough, not to heat in the bin. The only change necessary to be made in the machine, is to remove every alternate tooth in concave, or what is better, have the concave teeth about two-thirds the usual length. Power same as in threshing other grain. It leaves but very little on the cob. The wear on the machine is somewhat more than in other threshing, cleaned and delivered as other grain. Stalks left in best possible condition for feed. Amount per day depends on crop and condition—probably six to eight hundred bushels would be a fair day's work.—E. E. RICH, Sunset, Ill.

[The above is the way to help a brother farmer. Mr. Rich had the information, and did not hesitate to give it.]

Cultivation In Dry Seasons.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I noticed recently an article in the BLADE FARM signed Rakestraw, White House, Ohio, on frequent cultivation of land in dry seasons for the best crop. Now I will say a word on the same subject. My experience has been, without a single exception, that the dryer the season, the more frequent cultivation the better the crop of corn. It is proven beyond dispute that ground stirred in dry season (especially clay), soon becomes impervious to air and water, and also becomes baked so hard that moisture from below ceases to penetrate this impervious condition of the soil, and rise to the surface for evaporation, while the soil commenced with in the spring soon as corn is large enough follow the rows and a frequent stirring kept up all summer with cultivators, stirring the ground deep and as close to to the rows as possible without covering the small corn, keeping the ground loose deep down, giving it no chance to bake as the weather becomes dry, susceptible to all moisture and quick absorption of the rains and dews as they fall, keeping the ground in the most friable and pulverized condition for the fibrous roots of the corn later in the season as the corn grows, reaching out for food and drink. If there is any time during the growth of the corn crop that it needs special attention to keep the ground well tilled and clean from weeds, it is in time of curing, when the large growth needs all the moisture and nourishment to increase the flow of sap to warrant a full setting and the largest ears possible. A large growth of corn is a great absorbent of moisture as well as nourishment, and if the ground is allowed to go unworked, the corn is cut short of the necessary conditions to reach the largest growth and perfect maturity of the car by the breaking of the ground and the growth of weeds to share with the corn for what moisture there is; hence the constant working not only keeps the weeds down and gives their growth to the corn, besides keeping the ground loose and in condition to be fed by moisture from below as well as from the atmosphere.

Let any farmer who doubts the propriety of cultivating corn after it has tasseled and earing, try the experiment in one field giving the whole the same attention to nearly the time of tasseling, then drop one-half of the field and keep right on cultivating the other half (shallower at this stage) but be sure and keep all weeds killed and ground clean and mellow on the surface letting the warm rays of the sun to the roots of the corn, an important factor in the corn crop, as well as moisture. Now, on the other half allow the weeds to grow, robbing the corn of needed moisture and nourishment that the first half receives by constant tillage, which will be found the earliest and largest ears and more bushels, and better matured, besides the pleasure of having a clean field to harvest the corn; while the untilled part laid by before tasselling has grown up to weeds, robbed the corn, reduced and belated the crop in ripening, besides a serious job in cutting up and shocking the corn. This theory is proven on my farm by actual experiment. To prove this assertion, any one who will go out into the well tilled field early in the morning in time of drouth on moist earth will be found about the surface. Then go to the untilled field and dry baked surface will be found.

Mr. Rakestraw's theory that the drier the season the greater the necessity for constant stirring the ground to take moisture and improve the crop, is certainly correct. I have written this hurried sketch by request of the editor for further discussion. —C. C. YOUNG, Liberty Centre, Ohio. [Thank you, Mr. Young. We have been greatly interested in that which Mr. Rakestraw and yourself have written on the subject above. It will be of value to the thousands upon thousands of readers of the FARM department. We shall be pleased to hear from you again on any subject relating to the farm, garden, live stock or any kindred subject you feel like writing on.—ED.]

"Hoven, or Bloat.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As I notice a discussion going on in the BLADE FARM, in regard to clover bloat in cat le, I will tell what I know about it in this vicinity, Dunn county, Wis. When cattle bloat after eating green clover, we take a stick 10 or 12 inches long, by 1½ inches in diameter, tie a string in the top to one end, put the stick in the mouth and bring the stick over the head, and tie to the other end of the stick, so as to form a bridle, the stick to be large enough to hold the mouth open. Now take the animal by the nose by inserting the thumb in the nostril on one side and the fingers on the other. Put the other hand under the jaw and raise the nose of your animal as high or a little higher than a level of its back. Then let some one turn a tablespoonful of kerosene down its throat. Hold the animal's head up 15 to 30 minutes, and the bloat will all be gone. It is better than the knife, as it leaves no bad results, and any person can apply the remedy. I have known it to fail of relief. Let every man who keeps cattle paste this in his scrap book for future use. —IRA HOUGHTALING. [Mr. Houghtaling's communication is of value.—ED.]

French Basket Willows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some years ago as I made a trip through the western states, I saw many carp ponds, and I found out that many had the same trouble that I had with my ponds. During the winter the banks would freeze up and let the water through and make me lots of trouble. During the spring the high water would run over the banks and wash them off very badly. In one case I lost over 2,000 young carp and 60 breeders. In the year 1885 I visited a large carp breeder. I saw that he had all his banks planted with French willows. He told me that he always had trouble with his banks around the ponds washing away badly till he had them planted with the willows. In the spring of 1886 I visited this man again and bought 1,600 cuttings. These I planted on the long bank of my carp pond No. 1. In the fall of 1886 I had about 1,000 shoots from four to five feet long. In the spring of 1887 I made 5,000 cuttings out of the shoots and planted on pond No. 1. During the summer of 1887 the willows that I planted first brought forth from four to six shoots from each root. These grew about eight feet long. I expect to make, the coming spring, about 50,000 cuttings. With these I will plant a wet meadow. An acre of these willows is worth from $90 to $100. If you peel them yourself they are worth from $200 to $300 per acre.—D. N. KERR, Shinersville, Pa. [The willow has great tenacity of roots, which spread over a wide surface.—ED.]

An Old Sprain.

W. C. V., Florissant, Colorado: An old sprain will exhibit itself for a long time, and will manifest itself on exertion. We advise you now to give the horse but little exercise for the next 15 days. For five days give two bran mashes a day and one feed of oats—no corn. Keep the leg bandaged with cold water bandages, taking care that the bandages do not get dry. Then take off the bandages and apply this: Mercury bin-jodide, (red-jodide) one drachin; vaseline or lard, seven drachms. Mix well together. This will gradually reduce the pafts. Paint a little of the blister on the swellings every day for ten days. Wash the blister off before each new apply. with soap and water, and use the hand-rub the part to loosen up the tendons, and at night dash a little cold water on the knee.

Strangles

G. F. K., Sheffield, Iowa:—Your colt has had the disease known as strangles, which is a specific blood poison, and mostly attacks young animals. It is believed by many veterinaries to be contagious. Death results mostly from neglect. Care generally brings the colt through safely. Apply hot linseed poultices to the throat, now, to encourage to flow of pus. It must run its course, so there is but little use in dosing the little felow with anything. Nourishing food is yet necessary. As the colt is healthy, and seems to suffer no inconvenience, we do not think a tonic necessary. If proud flesh should appear, sprinkle it with a little burnt alum. This is a severe disease, although not from what you say, we think your colt is doing nicely. The poultice will sap the parts affected.

Pigs with Weak Backs.

I. E. E., Hutchinson county, Dakota: Pigs are subject to a partial paralysis of the nerves of the lumbar region. Sometimes the covering membrane of the spinal cord is inflamed, the result of cold. The animal must be put into comfortable quarters; then rub a teaspoonful of turpentine or some mustard paste along the small of the back or loins, and each day for three or four days place a teaspoonful of saltpetre in their soft feed. While hogs are a hardy animal in some respects they are liable to rheumatism or weak back, the same as human beings.

Statistics.

A. L. K., Middle Fork, O: For statistics relating to the cereal, hay and other crops, write to J. R. Dodge, statistician, Agricultural Bureau, Washington, D. C. State clearly that which you want, and he will attend to it for you. You will also, no doubt get what you wish by writing to the Congressman from your district.

RECEIVED.

The Storrs & Herrick Co., Painesville, 1888, handsomely illustrated catalogue of vegetable and flower seeds, fruit and ornamental trees, grape vines, etc. The covers are beautifully illuminated with humming bird, pansies, roses, and various other attractive things.

Spring, 1888. Catalogue of Ford's sound seeds, small fruit, plants, trees, etc. Frank Ford & Sons, "Sunnyside," Ravenna, Ohio.

—When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures

Senator Wilson.

DES MOINES, Jan. 19.—The two houses of the legislature in joint session, have declared James F. Wilson duly elected United States Senator for six years, from March 4, 1887.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

"BROKEN PROMISES OF MARRIAGE."

Talmage's Third Sermon to Women—Betrothal an Act So Solemn that to Break It Is to Commit Everlasting Wrong.

BROOKLYN, Jan 29.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached this morning the third of his series of "sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." His subject was, "Broken Promises of Marriage," and his text from "Judges, ix, 35: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I can not go back." He said:

Gen. Jephthah, the commander-in-chief of the Israelitish forces, is buckling on the sword for the extermination of the pestiferous Ammonites, and looking up to the sky he promises that if God will give him the victory he will put to death and sacrifice as a burnt offering the first thing that comes out from the door of his homestead when he goes back. The hurrahing of triumph soon runs along the line of all the companies, regiments and divisions of Jephthah's army. A worse beaten enemy than those Ammonites never strewed any plain with their carcasses. Gen. Jephthah, fresh from his victory, is now on his way home.

As he comes over the hill and through the valleys the whole march homeward for his men is a cheer, but for him a great anxiety, for he remembers his vow to slay and burn the first thing that comes forth from his house to greet him after his victory.

Perhaps it shall be the old watch dog that shall first come out, and who could get heart to beat out the life of a faithful creature like that as he comes fawning and barking and frisking and putting up his paw against his master in merry welcome after long absence? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Perhaps it might be a young dove let out from its cage in the general's home which, gaining its liberty, may seem to rejoice in the public gladness and flutter on the shoulder of the familiar head of the household. But who could have the heart to slay such a winged innocent? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Or it may be some good neighbor that will rush out to greet him after having first been in to tell the family of the near approach of the general. But who could slay a neighbor who had come on the scene to rejoice over the reunited household? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah.

As he advances upon his home the door opens and out of it comes one whose appearance under other circumstances would have been an indescribable joy, but under the pledge of a sacrifice becomes a horror which blanches his cheek and paralyzes his form and almost hurls him flat to the earth. His child, his only child, his daughter comes skipping out to greet him, her step keeping time to a tinghing which she shakes and shakes. Did ever a conqueror's welcome in such a bitter groan? No wonder, Dore, in two of his masterpieces, presents the scene. And Handel made it the last and climactacric work of his life to put this pathetic and overpowering circumstance in an oratorio, seven months toiling amid its majestic harmonies until his eyesight gave out. Even though the agonies of Jephthah's daughter's sacrifice were too much for mortal vision, the grand old musician was led blind into the orchestra for the first rendering of "Jephthah."

All the glories of victorious war are blotted out from Jephthah's memory, and his banner is folded in grief, and his sword goes back into the scabbard with dolorous clang, and the muffled drum takes the place of the cymbals, and the "tremolo" the place of the trumpet, and he cries out: "Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low and thou art one of them that troublest me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back." During two months amid the mountains without shelter, the maidens who would have been at her wedding ranged with Jephthah's daughter up and down, bewailing her coming sacrifice.

Commentators and theologians are in dispute as to whether that girl was slain or not, and as to whether, if she were slain, it was right or wrong in Jephthah to be the executioner, a discussion into which I shall not be diverted from the overmastering consideration that we had better look out what we promise, better be cautious what engagement we make better, that in regard to all matters of betrothal and plighted vow we feel the responsibility, lest we have either to sacrifice the truth or sacrifice an immortal being, and we be led to cry out with the paroxysm of a Jephthah: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

There is one ward in almost all the insane asylums and a large region in almost every cemetery that you need to visit. They are occupied by the men and women who are the victims of broken promises of marriage. The women in those wards and in those mortuary receptacles are in the majority, because woman lives more in her affections than man does, and insult to them in her case is more apt to be a dementia and a fatality. In some regions of this land the promise of marriage is considered to have no solemnity or binding force. It was only made in fun. They may change their mind. The engagement may stand unbroken one more night, but in person or opulent in estate appears on the scene; then the rings are returned and the amatory letters and all relationship ceases.

And so there are ten thousand Jephthah's daughters sacrificed as burnt offerings. The whole subject needs to be taken out of the realm of comedy into tragedy, and men and women need to understand that while there are exceptions to the rule, once having solemnly pledged to each other heart and hand, the forfeiture and abandonment of that pledge makes the transgressor in the sight of God a perjurer, and so the day of judgment will reveal it. The one has lied to the other; and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

If a man or woman make a promise in the business world, is there any obligation to fulfill it? If a man sign a note for five hundred dollars, ought he to pay it? If a contract be signed involving the building of a house and the furnishing of a bill of goods, ought they stand by that contract? "Oh, yes," always answered.

Then I asked the further question: Is the heart, the happiness, the welfare, the temporal and eternal destiny of a man or woman worth as much as the house, worth five hundred dollars, worth anything? The realm of profligacy is filled with men and women as a result of the wrong answer to that question. The most aggravating, stupendous and God-defying lie is a lie in the shape of broken espousal.

But suppose a man changes his mind, ought he not back out? Not once in ten thousand times. What if I change my mind about a promissory note and decline to pay it, and suddenly put my property in such shape that you could not collect your note? How would you like that? That, you say, would be a fraud? So is the other a fraud, and punish it God will, certainly as you live, and just as certainly as if you do not live.

I have known men betrothed to loving and good womanhood resigning their engagement and the victim went down in hasty consumption, while suddenly the recreant man would go up the aisle of a church in brilliant bridal party, and the two promised "I will" with as solemnity that seemed insurance of a life time happiness. But the simple truth was, that was the first act of a Shakespearean play entitled, "Taming the Shrew." He found out when too late that he had not married into the family of the "Graces" but into the family of the "Furies." To the day of his death the murder of his first betrothal followed him.

The Bible extols one who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." That is, when you make a promise keep it at all hazards. There may be cases where deception has been used at the time of engagement, and extraordinary circumstances where the promise is not binding, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand engagements is as binding as marriage.

Robert Burns, with all his faults, well knew the force of a marital engagement. In obedience to some rustic idea he, standing on one side the brook Ayr and Mary Campbell on the other, they bathed their hands in the water, and then, with one foot on the boards of the Bible, making their pledge of fidelity. On the cover of the Old Testament of that book to this day, in Robert Burns' handwriting, may be found the words: "Leviticus, xix, 12: Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord." And with the cover of the New Testament, in his own handwriting: "Matthew, v, 33: Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

Suppose a ship captain offers his services to take a ship out to sea. After he gets a little way he comes alongside the vessel with a most beautiful flag, and which has perhaps a richer cargo and is bound for a more attractive port.

Suppose he rings a bell for the engineer to slow up and the wheel stops. Now I see the captain being lowered over the side of the vessel into a small boat, and he crosses to the gayer and wealthier craft, and climbs up the side, and is seen walking the bridge of the other ship. I pick up his resigned speaking trumpet and I shout through it: "Captain, what does this mean? Did you not promise to take this ship to Southampton, England?" "Yes," says the captain, "but I have changed my mind, and I have found that I can do better, and I am going take charge here. I shall send back to you all the letters I got while managing that ship and everything I got from your ship, and everything will be all right." You tell me that the worst fate for such a captain as that is too good for him. But it is just what a man or woman does who promises to take one through the voyage of life, across the ocean of earthly existence and then breaks the promise.

The sending back of all the letters and rings and necklaces and keepsakes cannot make that right which is in the sight of God, and ought to be in the sight of man, an everlasting wrong. What American society needs to be taught is that betrothal is an act so solemn and tremendous that all men and women must stand back from it until they are sure that it is right, and sure that it is best, and sure that no retreat will be desired. Before that promise of lifetime companionship any amount of romance that you wish, any ardor of friendship, any coming and going. But espousal is a gate, a golden gate, which one should not pass, unless he or she expects never to return. Engagement is the porch of which marriage is the castle, and you have no right in the porch if you do not mean to pass into the castle.

The trouble has always been that this whole subject of affiance has been relegated to the realms of frivolity and joke, and considered not worth a sermon or even a serious paragraph. And so the massacre of human lives has gone on and the devil has had it his own cruel way, and what is mightily needed is that pulpit and platform and printing press all speak a word of unmistakable and thunderous protest on this subject of infinite importance. We put clear out into thin poesy and light reading the marital engagements of Petrarch and his Laura, Dante and his Beatrice, Chaucer and his Philippa, Lorenzo de Medici and his Lucretia, Spenser and his Rosalind, Waller and his Sacharissa, not realizing that it was the style of their engagement that decided their happiness or wretchedness, their virtue or their profligacy.

All the literary and military and religious glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign can not blot out from one of the most conspicuous pages of history her infamous behavior toward Seymour and Philip and Melville and Leicester and others. All the ecclesiastical robes that Dean Swift ever rustled through consecrated places can not hide from intelligent people of all ages the fact, that by promises of marriage which he never fulfilled, he broke the heart of Jane Waring after an engagement of seven years and the heart of Stella after an engagement of fourteen years, and the poets sought to be dedicated to the excellence only make the more immortal his own perfidy.

"But suppose I should make a mistake," says some man or woman, "and I find it out after the engagement and before the marriage?" My answer is, you have no excuse for making a mistake on this subject. There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman, that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum. Notice what society your especial friend prefers, whether he is industrious or lazy, whether she is prudent or roving, what books are read, what was the style of ancestry, noble or depraved, and if there be any unsolved mystery about the person under consideration, postpone all promise until the mystery is solved.

Jackson's Hollow, Brooklyn, was a part of the city not built on for many years, and every time I crossed it I said to myself or to others, why is not this land built on? I found out afterward that the title to the land was in controversy and no one wanted to built there until that question was decided. Afterward I understood the title was settled, and now buildings are going up all over it. Do not build your happiness for this world on a character, masculine or feminine, that has not a settled and undisputed title to honor and truth, and sobriety and kindness and neighborliness.

Oh woman, you have more need to pause before making such an important promise than man, because if you make a mistake it is worse for you. If a man blunder upon promise of marriage, or go on to an unfortunate marriage, he can spend his evenings away, and can go to the club or the Republican or Democratic headquarters, and absorb his mind in city or state or national elections, or smoke himself stupid, or drink himself drunk.

But there is no such refuge retreat for you, oh woman, and you could not take narcotics or intoxicants and keep your respectability. Betore you promise, pray and think and study and advise. There will never again in your earthly history be a time when you so much need God.

It seems to me that the world ought to cast out from business credit and from good neighborhood those who boast of the number of hearts they have won, as the Indian boasts of the number of scalps he has taken. If a man will lie to a woman and a woman will lie to a man, and if so important a matter as that of a lifetime's welfare, they will lie about a bill of goods and lie about finances and lie about anything. Society is brimful of gallants, and man milliners, and carpet knights, and coquettes and those most God forsaken of all wretches—flirts.

And they go about drawing-rooms and the parlors of watering places, simpering and talking and whispering and laughing and then return to the club rooms if they be men, or to their special gatherings if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Contign punishment is apt to come upon them, and they are paid in their own coin. You find a man to be a scoundrel, and he has let drop very hard in return for their base traffic in human hearts. As to such men, they walk around in their celibacy, after their hair is streaked with gray, and pretending they are naturally short-sighted, when their eyes are so old in sin that they need the spectacles of a septuagnarian, the eye-glass of No. 9, and think they are bewitching in their strike and overpowering in their glances, although they are simply laughing-stock for all mankind. And if these base dealers in human hearts do females, they are left after awhile several to one, and, coming after desperation of agony of cosmetics to get back to the attractiveness they had when they used to brag how many masculine affections they had slaughtered. Forsaken of God and honest men, and good women, are sure to be all such masculine and female thrillers of the human and yet immoral affections. Oh! man, oh! woman, having plighted your troth, stick to it.

And here my idea widens, and I have to say not only to those who have made a mistake in solemn praise of marriage, but to those who have already at the altar been promised and married, that in the case of a diversity of tastes and likes and dislikes are neither one or two, but a dozen—make the best you can of an awful mistake. And here let me answer letters that come from every state of the American Union, and from across the sea, and are coming year after year from men and women who are terribly alliianced and tied together in a hard knot, a very hard knot.

The letters run about like this: "What ought I to do, my husband is a drunkard?" "My wife is a gad-about and will not stay at home." "My companion is ignorant and hates books and I revel in them." "I like music and a piano sets my husband crazy." "I am fond of social life and my companion is a recluse." "I am trying to be good and my lifelong associate is very bad." What shall I do?" My answer is, there are certain good reasons for divorcement. The Bible recognizes them. Good society recognizes them. But it must be the very last resort, and only after all reasonable attempts at reclamation and adjustment have proved a dead failure. When such attempts fail it is generally because of meddlesome outsiders, and women tell the wronged wife how she ought to stand on her rights, and men tell the wronged husband how he ought to stand on his rights. And let husband and wife in an unhappy marriage relation stand unselfishly on their rights, and there will be no readjustment, and only one thing will be sure to them, and that is a hell on earth.

If you are unhappily married, in most cases I advise you to make the best you can of an awfully bad bargain. Do not project your peculiarities more than is necessary. Perhaps you may have some faults of your own which the other party in the marital alliance may have to suffer. You are in the same yoke. If you pull aside the yoke will only twist your neck. Better pull ahead. The world is full of people who made mistakes about many things, and among other things about betrothal and marriage, and yet have been tolerably happy and very useful in the strength of God, and by the grace promised in every time of need if those who seek it conquer the disadvantageous circumstances. I am acquainted with lovely women married to contemptible men, and genial men yoked with termagants inspired of the devil. And yet under these disadvantages my friends are useful and happy. God helps people in other kinds of martyrdom and to sing in the flame, and he will help you in your lifelong misfortune.

Remember the patience of Job. What a wife he had! At a time when he was one great blotch of eruptions, and his property was destroyed by a tornado, and, more than all, bereavement had come and the poor man needed all wise counsel, she advises him to go cursing and swearing. She wanted him to poultice his boils with blasphemy. But he lived right on through his marital disadvantages, recovered his health and fortune and raised a splendid family, and the closing paragraph of the Book of Job has such a jubilance that I wonder people do not oftener read it.

"So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning, for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first Jemima, and the name of the second Kezia, and the name of the third Kerenhappuch.

"And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job, and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. After this lived Job one hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."

Now, my badly married friend of either sex, if Job could stand it by the help of God, then you can stand it by the same divine re-enforcement. You have other relations, oh woman, beside the wifely relation. If you are a mother, train up your children for God and heaven. If you are a member of a church, help move on its enterprises. You can get so much of the grace of God in your heart that all your home trials will seem insignificant. How little difference does it make what your unrighteous husband calls you, if God calls you his child and you are an heiress of whole kingdoms beyond the sky?

Immerse yourself in some kind of outside usefulness, something that will enlist your prayers, your sympathies, your hand, your needle, your voice. Get your heart on fire with love to God and the disenthralment of the human race, and the troubles of your home will be blotted out in the glory of your consecrated life. I cry out to you, oh woman, as Paul exclaims in his letter to the Corinthians: "What knowest thou, oh wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" And if you cannot save him you can help up the grander, mightier enterprise of helping save the world. Out of the awful mistake of your marriage rise into the sublimest life of self-sacrifice for God and suffering humanity. Instead of settling down to mope over your domestic woes, enlist your energies for the world's redemption.

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean only by dykes or walls of stout masonry. The engineer having these dykes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength of these dykes. And there was to be a great feast in one of the villages that approaching evening evening in honor of the coming bridegroom and bride, a great storm threatened the destruction of the dykes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the villages sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dykes, and the tides and the terror were still rising. "Shall I go to the feast," says the engineer, "or shall I go and help my workmen?" "Oh," said his betrothed, "take care of the dykes," he said to himself; "I must and will." As he appeared on the wall the men working there were exhausted and shouted: "Here comes the engineer. Thank God! Thank God!"

The wail was giving way, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving way. "More stones!" cried the men. "More mortar!" But the answer came: "There is no more!" "Then," cried the engineer, "take off your clothes and with them stop the holes in the wall." And so in the chill and darkness and surf, it was done, and with the workmen's apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose, and still the ocean reared itself for more awful strokes, and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages, and we hear the engineer say, as he said the engineer, "down on your knees and pray to God for help." And on the trembling and parting dykes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villages below, which, knowing nothing of the peril, were full of romp and dance and hilarity, were gloriously saved.

Now, what we want in this work of wailing back the oceans of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin is the help of more womanly and manly hands. Oh how the tides come in! Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and envy and cruelty are lifting up a million of many troubles, what are all the feasts of wordly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping build and support barriers which sometimes seems giving away through man's treachery and the world's assault? Oh woman, with your loving prayers and your tears, bring cheering words! Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the other. To the dykes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughter of America, to the dykes! The battle is long and great and the sufferings and wrongs of woman or man is complete absorption in the work to rescue others. Save some man, some woman, some child!

In that effort you will forget or be helped to bear your own trials, and in a little while God will take you up out of your disturbed and imperfect life and usher you gloriously into a heaven all the happier because of preceding distress. When Queen Elizabeth of England was expiring it was arranged that the exact moment of her death should be signaled to the people by the dropping of a sapphire ring from a window into the hands of an officer who carried it at the top of his speed to King James of Scotland. But your departure from the scene of your earthly woes, if you are ready to go, will not be the dropping of a sapphire to the ground, but the setting of a jewel in a king's coronet. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

PREPARING FOR WAR.

Desperate Vigilantes in Search of the White River Outlaws.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 21.—The warfare in Stone county between the Terrys and the vigilantes threatens to break out afresh. After a conflict six weeks ago the outlaws and their adherents were driven across the line into Arkansas.

A reign of terror was soon inagurated in Arkansas by the outlaws and another vigilance committee was organized in that vicinity.

A few days ago the Terrys were ordered to leave the country in a certain number of days.

Instead of leaving they purchased 25 Winchester rifles and fortified themselves Boone, near the Arkansas line.

The Terry faction is said to number 35 men, all armed with Winchesters and revolvers, while the vigilances have a war footing of 105, likewise well equipped for bloody work.

The news from Galena indicates that a bloody time is imminent, as the vigilance organization was preparing to attack the Terry party in their fortification and swearing vengeance against the whole clan.

Should the state authorities not interfere and arrest the war-like movements the late series of homicides in Stone county may soon be overshadowed by one of the most deadly conflicts ever known in the White River country.

GRANDMA GARFIELD DEAD.

The Old Lady Passes Away at the Family Home in Mentor—Old Age the Cause.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 21.—Grandma Garfield, the mother of the late President James A. Garfield, died at 5 o'clock this morning at the home of Mrs. Garfield in Mentor.

Her age was 86 years.

She has gradually been failing during the past two months, the result of old age

The importations of general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending January 30, amounted to $7,282,444.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Spikenard, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

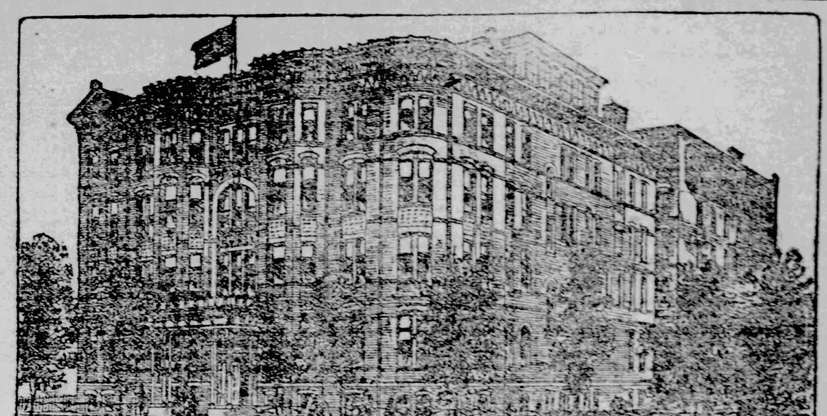
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



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A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and counteract to prejudice people against us. We are prepared, and do now propose, that if you have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, we will promptly refund to you **all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet more than one-half of all we cure never call at our office. It is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system is of practice, and science of diagnosis, the highest attainment of the present day. It brings to the door of the patient, through it, demonstrate the fact that disease will display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analys

WASHINGTON NEWS.

BENEDICT INCOMPETENT.

The Public Printer's Office Never so Poorly Managed as at the Present Time.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19.—Public Printer Benedict says he is not to blame for the bungling and botch work done at the Government Printing office nowadays, or for the delay in the appearance of the *Congressional Record* every morning. Complaint is being made by Democrats as loudly as by Republicans, and everybody deems it his duty to damn Benedict. At no time in many years has the management of the office been so poor as at present, and bills introduced many days ago, as well as documents needed by Congress for more than a week, have not appeared yet at the document rooms.

HE IS DISGUSTED.

The New French Minister Did Not Fall in Love With Grover.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—To put it mildly the French minister accredited to Washington feels disappointed with the President. He has excellent reason for his feelings, too. It seems that M. Roustan received from his government an invitation for the United States to take part in the exposition which is to open in Paris in 1889. Before delivering the invitation M. Roustan telegraphed to his government to ascertain which nations have accepted and which declined the invitation. He was advised that all the monarchial governments of Europe had declined, but that Switzerland and the republics of South America had accepted. He then presented the invitation, and expressed the hope that the great republic of America would be represented. The President sent the invitation to congress a few days ago without any recommendation whatever. It is because of the failure to make a recommendation that the French legation is disappointed.

TO PAY IN GOLD.

A Bill Introduced in the House to Make the Soldiers' Pay Good.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—(Special.)—A bill has been introduced in the House which promises to meet with spirited debate before it becomes an act, if it ever does. No Northern man doubts but what the soldier was poorly paid for his services in the rebellion, even if his pay had had a gold value, which it did not.

To make amends for this Representative Hovey, of Indiana, presented a bill to pay all soldiers of the late war, or their heirs, a sum equal to 40 per cent of the amount of their original pay, which it is calculated will make good the difference between the value of greenbacks, in which they were paid, and gold coin, in which the greenbacks were eventually paid, but after they had passed out of the soldier's hands.

The bill has many warm supporters in both houses, but it is understood in administration circles that it does not meet favor at the White House, and if passed, would probably be vetoed.

THE DIRECT TAX.

States and Individuals to be Reimbursed for the Outlay of 1861.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The bill passed the Senate to refund the direct tax of 1861 is an important one. It directs the secretary of the Treasury to credit to each state and territory and to the District of Columbia a sum equal to all the collections made therefrom or from the people or inhabitants thereof, or other persons, under the direct tax of the act of August 5, 1861. It remits all moneys still due to the United States under such act, and it appropriates the amount necessary for the reimbursement of the sums collected directly from individuals, to be held in trust by the state for the benefit of the persons from whom they were collected, or their legal representatives.

CARLISLE SEATED.

The Speaker of the House Given the Seat to Which Theobe was Elected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—(Special)—Today the third attempt was made to seat Carlisle. Delay was becoming dangerous and his friends were rallied early in the day. When the vote was taken on the resolution to seat Carlisle it stood: Carlisle 164; Theobe 7.

After Carlisle's stand on the Butterworth investigation the speaker is placed in a decidedly unpleasant position by lending his aid to push this matter to a vote without a reopening of the case.

INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

Mr. Cullom Will Hear Arguments from Interested Persons.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Senator Cullom, chairman of the committee on Inter-state commerce, announces that he will on Wednesday next, hear the arguments which may be presented by the express companies to show that they ought not be included as common carriers in the inter-state commerce act. The law as to whether express companies come under the provisions of that act is so ambiguous that the Inter-state Commerce commission, after arguments and deliberation, declined to rule on this question, and referred it to Congress for definition.

A great number of amendments to the Inter-state commerce act which have been proposed by the Interstate Commerce commissioners themselves, have been presented in the Senate, and the Interstate Commerce committee will at once enter upon the consideration of the amendments to the act in detail. The committee has not yet determined whether it will hear the railroad corporations as to the proposed additional restrictive amendments. It is scarcely probable that an open hearing will be given, although, of course, briefs and arguments may be filed. When the Interstate commerce bill was passed there was great complaint among the railroad corporations that they had not been allowed an opportunity to be heard, although the committee of which Mr. Cullom was chairman was engaged for two years in hearing testimony in all parts of the country and a general invitation was extended to all of the leading cities to all railroad representatives to be present and give their views. Most of the railroads preferred not to be represented as they seemed to think that the movement in favor of an inter-state commerce bill would result in failure, as it nearly always does before. Accordingly, when the committee had perfected a bill and was ready to report it, they entered a vigorous protest that they had not been given all opportunity to be heard.

MRS. GEN. GRANT.

How She Was Received at the Stanford Reception in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—A short, plump, middle-aged woman, almost portly, and dressed in the deepest of black, stood beside the wife of one of the Senators at her reception. Her features were plain, verging on homeliness, but her dark eye was kind, and her slightly wrinkled face showed many signs of culture. Her Senatorial friend was resplendent in diamonds, and her tallness made the short, stout woman look smaller. The parlors of the Senator's mansion were crowded with people, and the *cream de la creme* of Washington society was there.

Noted generals chatted with ladies well known the United States over, and the dark, grave face of ex Secretary Boutwell shone out in contrast with the florid complexion and silvery mustache of ex-Postmaster General Tyner. Horatio King was there, and bluff Joe Hawley, and he bubbled about with his shock of white silver hair. Many diplomats were present, and all bowed low to the short, little woman in black. The eyes of some filled with tears as they spoke to her, and the water glistened in Van Vliet's eyes as he recalled a past meeting.

Ex-Postmaster General Cresswell bowed low, and senators and Supreme court judges put on the kindest of faces. It was Mrs. General Grant, who had come back to Washington to say "good-day" to the friends of some of the happiest years of her life. She was receiving with Mrs. Senator Stanford, and the friends of her husband packed the parlors the while afternoon. She is still a comparatively young woman, and the gray has not crept into her hair. Her history has been, perhaps, more remarkable than that of any other woman in America; her ups and her downs have been many, and their range has been from the brre farm-house to the President's mansion, and from working almost like a servant to being the entertained of kings.

TO CARE FOR THE REBELS.

Enloe's Bill to Provide Homes for Those Who Fought Against the Union.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Representative Benjamin Augustin Enloe, of the Eighth district of Tennessee, a new member of Congress, has signalized his appearance in the neighborhood of the treasury surplus by introducing a bill to put Confederate and Union soldiers on a level with each other. It is the first of its kind, and goes directly at what it is after without preamble, whereas or apology.

It enacts that "the board of managers of the National homes for disabled volunteer soldiers is hereby authorized empowered and directed to locate, established, construct, and permanently maintain a branch of said National home for disabled volunteer soldiers in the state of Tennessee."

"It further provides that all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the regular and volunteer forces of the United States in any of its wars, and all honorably discharged or paroled soldiers and sailors who served in the army or navy of the late so-called Confederate States who are disabled by disease, wounds or otherwise, and who have no adequate means of support, and by reason of such disability are incapable of earning their living, shall be entitled to be admitted to said home for disabled volunteer soldiers, subject to such similar regulations to those prescribed for admission to existing branches of the National home for disabled volunteer soldiers."

The bill appropriates $150,000 for carrying out its provisions and provides further that "The said board of managers may accept as a donation from the state of Tennessee the property known as the Hermitage, the late home of Andrew Jackson, as a site for the said branch home herein provided for."

The fourth and last section of the bill is rather the most interesting of all, inasmuch as it indicates that this is only the first step in a continuing policy to wipe out the records of the war and extend the same benefits to those who fought against the flag as to those who fought for it. It provides:

"That Gen. John T. Wilder, of Chattanooga, Tenn., be, and is hereby appointed a manager of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, to serve for five years after the passage of this act, and hereafter a member of managers of said home elected by Congress shall be eleven instead of ten, as at present, one of whom shall be a resident of one of the so-called Confederate states."

Gen. Wilder, who is to be put on the board as a starter from the Confederate states, was a Union soldier. He commanded a division of mounted infantry that operated chiefly against Forrest's cavalry. Mr. Enloe was not in the Confederate service himself, but he is to be neither blamed nor praised for that. He was only 12 years old in 1860.

WILL GO TO NEW YORK.

The President Wants the National Convention Held There, and That Settles It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—That the Democratic National convention will be held in New York city is now reasonably certain. The President is in favor of such a decision. The work that will be performed by the Democratic National committee, which is to meet in this city on Washington's birthday, will be largely of a perfunctory nature, so far as the selection of a place for holding the National convention is concerned.

The President is not alone in the view of the necessity for holding the convention in the metropolis. Most of the party leaders believe that the best way of insuring the Empire state to the Democratic column is by selecting New York city as the place to begin the campaign.

On receipt of a committee from Cincinnati, Senator Beck called upon President Cleveland to ascertain if he had any preference as to which city the convention should be held in. He reported that the President insisted that the convention should go to New York city, and, as a consequence, Mr. Beck said the President's wishes would undoubtedly be respected and would people would be outvoted in favor of sending the national convention to that city."

By "all our people" the Senator alluded to Democrats generally.

This expression of Mr. Cleveland's preference rather put a damper on the Cincinnati gentlemen, as they believe that if Mr. Cleveland really expressed a preference for New York City the convention will go there.

Senator Voorhees told a member of the committee from Cincinnati that no matter what the President's preference might be in regard to this matter the convention would be held in a Western city, and the fight for the location would be between Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in the order named. Other Democrats who are interested in the convention declare that the whole matter is settled, and that the National Democratic convention of 1888 will be held in New York city, and will be so ordered by the National committee when it meets.

CONGRESSMAN MILLS ILL.

His Sickness Very Much Like That of Speaker Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21.—An alarming rumor was in circulation yesterday afternoon that Representative Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means committee, was lying very ill at his residence on G street. Following so closely upon Speaker Carlisle's sudden prostration, the report created a decided sensation. Inquiries, however, developed the fact that the report was greatly exaggerated. Mr. Mills has been under a steady mental strain second only to that experienced by the Speaker ever since the convening of Congress.

His position at chairman of the most important committee of the House and leader of the Democratic side has brought upon him duties of the most arduous nature.

For the past ten days he has not been himself and the frequent outbursts of petulance on the floor of the House have evidenced the fact that he has placed too severe a strain upon his mental faculties. Mr. Mills was seized with la grippe last Tuesday. He complained of sleeping poorly the night before and suffered with a severe headache throughout the day. That night he lost much sleep, and yesterday was confined to his bed.

BUTTERWORTH AT WORK.

He will Push His Bill for Commercial Union to the Utmost.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—(Special)—Congressman Butterworth, while not wholly recovered from his late illness, attends regularly all the House meetings and the committees to which he is assigned. He still looks thin from the effects of the siege, but is fired with his old time vigor.

In an interview with a BLADE representative to-day he announced it his belief that the tariff needed reforming, but expressed some doubts as to whether this congress would do anything in its line.

He thought the old Ben Wood, Randell's man in Pennsylvania proposition would be effected as a compromise could now be effected, as the followers of Samuel J. are bent on revenge, with the biggest kind of an R.

Mr. Randall took the defeat philosophically, and is only waiting for an opportunity to strike back to his face at the administration. That federal aid was used to defeat Randall's man, no person denies, but the Philadelphia Congressman is too shrewd to make a comment on this, as hitherto he has used such aid for all there was in it.

Congressman Butterworth is working hard for the bill to establish commercial relations between the United States and Canada. He intends to push the measure to a vote at the first opportunity and is sanguine that he can muster enough votes to pass the House. He is very enthusiastic on the subject.

CONGRESS.

The Thoebe-Carlisle Case Still Awaiting a Quorum in the House.

WASHINGTON, Jan 21.—Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, called up the contested election case of Thoebe against Carlisle, the pending question being on the resolution to fill majority of the committee on Elections confirming Mr. Carlisle's title to his seat.

Mr. Hogg (W. Va.) entered a motion to reconsider the vote by which the House defeated the resolution providing for a reopening of the case.

Mr. Chipman, of Michigan, asked unanimous consent to offer a resolution bearing on the subject; but objection came in the shape of demands for the regular order.

The vote on the majority resolution resulted: yeas 140, nays 6—no quorum.

Mr. Crisp stated the vote had disclosed the fact that there was no quorum present. Moved that the House adjourn.

The Speaker, pro tem., stated he had made a mistake in entertaining the motion to reconsider, entered by Mr. Hogg.

That motion cannot be entertained until the previous question under which the House was now operating should be disposed of. The motion to adjourn was agreed to—yeas 139, nays 123—a strict party vote.

STUPID CONGRESSMEN.

Fully Fifty Members Are Incapable of Expressing Their Opinion on Any Subject.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—It is remarkable how many men get into Congress who have not even abilities which elevate them to the height of mediocrity. They get in by the use of money or the manipulation of political combinations, many of them being able to command the rowdy element or some clique that holds the balance of power in the district.

There are more than 50 members of the House who are incapable of writing an intelligent newspaper interview, or even expressing intelligently their views upon the most ordinary topics which come before Congress. And not all of the members are new ones, by any means. Some of them have served years in the House.

They manage, however, to deliver a speech in the House at least once every two years; but their speeches are prepared from documents and books, and after consultations with friends, are uttered in a very disjointed way, and are given sense by the official reporters.

In the last Congress was a member who was defeated for re-election, and who is now contesting the seat of the successful man who ran against him, and who is from Indiana, who was especially obtuse in the eyes of the inhabitants of Newspaper Row.

One of the well-known newspaper correspondents met this member one day last session and asked him if he knew of any news. To this correspondent the inquiry was a kind of a joke, because he had put it about a hundred times and had never received anything for his pains.

"Not a thing to-day," was the patent reply.

"Do you know what I think of you, Judge?" said the correspondent. "I will tell you. If you saw an item coming down Pennsylvania avenue with an astrakan overcoat over each arm, you would pass it by and never recognize it."

That member was in Congress several years, and never put any figure in social or newspaper circles, at which he often complained, but was never able to learn why it was. It was not until his constituents concluded that he did not know much about the affairs of life that his vision began to expand, or in other words, he commenced to "tumble."

AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS.

Husband and Wife United After Many Strange Experiences.

ADDANY, N. Y., Jan. 23.—Twenty-two years ago John C. Taylor lived in Bath on the Hudson, where he did a good business in real estate and insurance. One day, when he had quite an amount of money with him, he visited relatives at West Sand Lake and was never seen by them or any of his friends until Wednesday of last week, when he called upon his wife, who resides over Sutliff's grocery store, Bath. Knocking at the door, he told Mrs. Taylor that he understood she was a seamstress, and inquired if she would make some shirts for him. His queries and behavior after awhile caused the wife to scan him sharply and she recognized him. He tells a romantic story of being drugged by strangers and carried to a hospital in New Jersey, where he found, upon recovering consciousness, that he had been robbed and was suffering from severe lunacy.

He remained there three years, meanwhile writing a number of letters to his wife and friends, explaining his situation to them. These were never received, and he was regarded as dead. After he left the hospital, he was hit in the back of the head with a heavy stick or shod by a man who had unsuccessfully sought another person and his skull fractured. The blow rendered him insane for six years. Upon recovering health he thought his friends never wanted to see him again, as they had not answered letters, and he went West, where he made and lost several fortunes. He has lately resided in Cleveland, O., where he has made a comfortable little fortune in the insurance business. He is now residing in Albany, where he will soon engage in business. Mrs. Taylor says she has no doubt as to the truth of his story, and believes his sufferings have been greater than her own. He is in the best of health, though in his sixty-third year.

TO GO SOUTH.

A Movement on Foot for a Wholesale Emigration of the Colored Race.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 21.—A movement that bids fair to affect many states and perhaps many thousands of colored people of this country has been inaugurated in this city and may result in an "exodus" of negroes from the United States to South America. The headquarters of the new movement are in Topeka, Kan., and the object sought is the amelioration of the condition of the colored population of the Southern states.

Several well known and wealthy colored men are arranging the plan to establish colonies in Guiana, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. The principal outfitting points will probably be Honduras and Costa Rica. Immigration depots will be established in the Argentine confederation. It is learned that important concessions have been made by the Guiana and Argentine governments in the way of lands and immunity from taxation, and aid in transportation, which will place this new haven within the reach of all.

Their rights and privileges as citizens are guaranteed, and their color will not operate there from the ostracism and proscription. It is believed next fall all will be ready to set the flood in motion, and only the lazy and worthless negroes will be weeded out. Early in the summer a committee will go to South America to complete the arrangements, secure the lands and concessions, and prepare for the work.

NEBRASKA QUARANTINE.

Cattle from all Parts Shut Out for Eight Months.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 18.—In accordance with the recommendation of the state live stock sanitary commission, the governor will issue a proclamation, to take effect February 1, annulling all quarantine proclamations now in force, and prohibiting railroad and transportation companies, and ferries, as well as all persons or individuals, from introducing into this state cattle coming from the states of New Jersey and Delaware; the counties of Westchester, Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk, in New York; the county of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania; the counties of Baltimore, Howard, Carroll and Prince George, in Maryland, and the county of Cook, in Illinois; and also to prohibit the introduction and shipment into or through this state of cattle shipped all or any part of the way from the states of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina and the Indian territory during the months of March, April, May, June, July, August, September and October, on account of the danger from contagious pleuro pneumonia or Texas fever.

WAS THE EMBALMER DRUNK?

Mr. Holmes Said to Have Been Intoxicated When at Work on Gen. Grant's Remains.

ELMIRA N. Y., Jan. 21.—The libel suit of Embalmer Holmes against Editor Jones, of the New York *Times*, passed into its second day of trial with the mercury 8 below zero. The forenoon session was consumed with expert testimony from rival embalmers, each of whom expressed the opinion that Holmes was drunk on the day following Gen. Grant's death. During the embalming process one of the witnesses said that Holmes, after experiencing some difficulty in introducing the body a hypodermic instrument, said:

"The old chap has a hide like a pig." Thereupon the Mexican minister, Mr. Romero, left the room, saying; "These men are not fit to have charge of this body." Harrison, Gen. Grant's body serv nt, who on the stand in the forenoon testified to the embalming of the embalming. While at the Commercial hotel ab Saratoga Sullivan is advised or exhibiting a piece of skin, cut from the body of Gen. Grant, and which he considered to be a valuable memento. This he denied to-day, but the counsel for the plaintiff says he can produce it, and such evidence will be produced to-morrow toward that end

TEXAS SUFFERED.

Twenty Thousand Sheep Frozen to Death in Five Counties—Another Blizzard Yet to Be Heard From.

LAMPASAS, Tex.—[Special wire.]—Another blizzard struck this section Saturday night. Reports of the disastrous effect of that unprecedented cold spell of last week are still coming in from the distant country surrounding this city. Loss of sheep was very heavy, owing to the fact that very few ranches have adequate shelter for sheep.

It is estimated that fully 20,000 sheep perished in the counties of Lampasas, Brown, Hamilton, Coryell, and San Saba, all large wool producing counties.

Col. Charles Goodnight, in Coryell county, lost 8,000 head of sheep in one flock. His ranch is very large, and the sheep are kept in separate flocks.

The others sought the shelter in the woods, but this particular flock came up near the house at sundown and lay down in the drifting rain. The next morning Covington concluded to salt his sheep. When he scattered salt on the frozen earth, to his surprise none of the sheep arose, and an examination revealed the fact that every one of the large flock was frozen stiff. Their wool clinging to the ice prevented their arising when the sudden change in temperature came.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Fifty-Six Below Zero in Wisconsin on Saturday Night.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis. Jan. 23.—[Special wire.]—Reports reached here yesterday that two men working in a logging camp on the west fork of the Black river were found frozen stiff on the road leading to the choppings from the camp.

It is supposed they became benumbed from the cold while on their way to supper.

Saturday and yesterday were the coldest days ever experienced in this part of Wisconsin within the recollection of the oldest settlers. Thermometers indicated 53 to 56 degrees below zero.

Patrick O'Brien, M. P., was arrested at Athlone to-day charged with having made a seditious speech on New Year's day. He was admitted to bail.

RANDALL KNOCKED OUT.

The Administration Elects Its Chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic Committee

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 19.—At the meeting of the Democratic State Central committee this afternoon, Dallas Sanders, of Philadelphia, candidate of Congressman Randall, was defeated for chairman by Elliott P. Kesner, of Luzerne county, who was put forward by Congressman Scott. The vote was: Kesner, 42; Sanders, 35; Robert, 3; Wright, 1.

A large number of prominent Democrats from all parts of the state were present and participated in the preliminary skirmish. The Executive committee, which consists of Messrs. Wm. A Wallace, Samuel J. Randall, Eckley B. Coxe, J. Henry Cochrane, Wm. L. Scott, Wm. McClellan and Wm. Mutchler were selected after the contest. The committee decided to hold the state convention in Harrisburg on Wednesday, the 23d of May.

Congressman Scott presented the following resolution which was adopted after some show of opposition by Mr. David of Lancaster, and two or three others:

"*Resolved*, That this committee cordially and emphatically indorses the administration of President Cleveland. It has been thoroughly true to the best interests of the republic. The peace and prosperity of the country are largely due to its wise and benign policy with respect to both foreign and domestic matters.

"It has reformed the civil service, abolished useless officers, reduced the cost of the government, restored many millions of acres of land to the public domain, effected a large reduction of the public debt, given the people cheaper mail service, been prevented the importation of foreign pauper labor under contract, has wisely and consistently endeavored to effect a reduction of the idle surplus in the treasury to lighten the burden of taxation borne by the mass of people.

"The line of policy laid down in the last annual message of the President, for a revision and reduction of the war tariff, especially recommends itself to us as a sure guaranty of prosperity to all classes and protection to labor so long pretended, but never vouchsafed by monopolistic legislation of the so-called Republican party.

"We therefore avow, without hesitation or qualification, our unshaken confidence in the wisdom, courage and patriotism of President Cleveland, and earnestly and hopefully recommend and urge his re-election to the great office which he has so acceptably filled."

NOT A BEGGAR.

The Old General Refuses to Accept a Contributed Bounty.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 23.—Some days ago the Atlanta *Constitution* published a strong and touching appeal for contributions to a fund for the relief of Gen. Longstreet, and described the old soldier as "broken in health, helpless from wounds and sadly straitened in circumstances." The appeal was based upon the belief that Gen. Longstreet's acceptance a few days before of the State's bounty of $25 arose from necessity. First came a letter from Mrs. Longstreet begging that the efforts to raise a relief fund be discontinued, and that the money already contributed be returned to the subscribers.

"The General," Mrs. Longstreet says "though far from rich is able with what he owns, to live in comparative comfort for the remainder of his life." To-day Gen Longtreet writes: "This action is not authorized nor warranted by facts. You may trust that it was suggested by kindly motives. I beg that you will return all remittances that may be made in my favor to those who may be so generous as to offer them."

The incident has served a purpose, however, and that is that the years of estrangement between Confederate and Union soldiers because of political differences was easily set aside. The warmest expressions come to Longstreet from all quarters. It is also remarkable that the first cash contribution which was received came from a Federal soldier who happened to be passing through the city. He was James Thilet, of Jersey City, and had served through the war as a member of Meagher's Irish brigade.

At his country seat, one mile northeast of Gainesville, and at the Piedmont hotel, which he owns, the general's farm consists of 100 acres of land. This place is worth from $5,000 to $7,000. The hotel cost him $20,000. Besides this he has some personal property. If he had the money which his real property is worth judiciously invested he would be in easy circumstances. The general, though growing old and gray, is a very active man and is always on the go. He looks after his farm with a watchful eye and spends a good deal of his time in his vineyard.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

The Distribution of Its Rental Among the Indians Sure to Create Trouble.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 19—[Special wire.]—The bill introduced in the House to pay the freedmen in the Cherokee nation the amount due them by the Cherokees, is creating considerable feeling among the latter. The money in question is derived from a lease of 6,000,000 acres, known as "The Cherokee Strip," to a cattle syndicate made in May, 1883, at a rental of $100,000 a year.

In April, 1886, the money, $300,000, was distributed pro rata under the provisions of a bill passed by the Cherokee legislature, whereby the Cherokee Blood only, adopted citizens being ignored.

An attempt was made to amend the bill and include all citizens of the Cherokee Nation, but the amendment was voted down.

The present chief, Joel B. Mayes, and other progressive Cherokees voted against the bill and urged an equal distribution of the money. The bill before Congress gives the negroes a pro rata share in the $300,000. A majority of the Cherokees hold that the negroes and other adopted citizens acquired no claim to moneys arising from leases and land sales, and that their rights are confined solely to civil and political affairs.

TO STEAL HIS DAUGHTER.

A San Francisco Sensation About the Residence of Ex-Senator Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23.—[Special wire.]—Several months ago a bold attempt was made to kidnap little Birdie Fair, youngest child of the bonanza ex-senator, from the palatial residence of its divorced mother on Pine street. Mysterious robberies have recently occurred in the same section of the city.

Early yesterday morning a servant in Mrs. Fair's house noticed a man turning out the light of the nearest lamp post, and secreting herself in the shadow of the house notified an officer, who approached the man and ordered him to throw up his hands. The reply was a pistol shot and a bullet struck the officer in the groin.

The officer instantly returned the fire, the bullet passing through the man's head, killing him. The officer was taken to a hospital where his wound was pronounced serious, but not fatal.

The body has been identified as that of Albert Peterson, a stalwart young Swede. A number of people who have been robbed in the vicinity of Mrs. Fair's residence assert positively that the remains are those of the man who relieved them of their valuables.

A THREE-CORNERED FIGHT.

San Francisco Enters the Fight for the Democratic National Convention.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 23.—Hon. P. H. Kelly, the Minnesota member of the Democratic National committee, announces himself in favor of San Francisco as the place for holding the national convention. Speaking of the matter he said: "Special Agent Tingle goes to Washington with 15 votes pledged to the city of San Francisco, and this is a powerful starter, for there are but 46 votes from the 38 states, seven territories and the District of Columbia.

"The fight will be a three-cornered one between New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and the California city is as likely to win as either of the others, especially as it is proposed to issue round trip tickets to delegates from remote points at $40 each.

"This would afford an opportunity to the delegates to cross the continent and see what a magnificent country there is west of Chicago. This talk about President Cleveland being interested in having the convention held in New York is all nonsense. As for his being desirous of shaping affairs in the interest of New York, that is a yarn manufactured out of whole cloth, for it makes no difference whatever to him wherever the convention is held. He will be renominated for the Presidency."

Came Home to Claim a Fortune.

CANTON, O., Jan. 21.—John McLain, who left here 35 years ago to go to California, and who has been given up for dead by friends and relatives years ago, has just returned to claim a farm valued at $7,500 to which he had fallen heir. There is no doubt of his identity, but as he is rich, McLain has turned over his interest in the farm to a brother.

The Bulletin, of the American Iron and Steel Association, says: The total production of pig iron in the United States in 1887 was 6,417,148 gross tons, much the largest in the history of the country.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

UMBERTO'S SOLDIERS SLAIN.

Two Hundred More Italian Riflemen Killed by the Abyssinians.

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Late advices from Rome report that news has just been received from Massowah of the supposed massacre of 200 additional Italian riflemen near Saati. They were mounted and out scouting and have not been heard from for three days.

There is great excitement at Rome, as only a week ago 175 Italians were slain in the same country.

FIXING BAYONETS.

The Muffled Tramp of Armed Men Heard on All Sides.

BERLIN, Jan. 21.—The military bill as amended has passed its first reading before the Richstag committee. The committee reserved the right to formulate several proposals on the second reading of the bill.

After the return to Berlin of Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador, negotiations will be resumed for a settlement of the Bulgarian question. It is reported that Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky agree to oppose the despatch of a Russian commission to Sofia, and that they rather support the nomination of a regency under which the election of a new prince could be effected.

The Emperor of Austria's desire to depose Prince Ferdinand has been increased by the speech made by Ferdinand to his officers on New Year's Day, in which he defied the efforts to dislodge him.

RUSSIAN ARMY MOVEMENTS.

Advices from the frontier report further arrivals of Russian troops. One infantry division has arrived at Doubno and another at Rovno. The work of fortifying goes on without cessation.

The condition of the Russian troops on the Galician frontier is growing worse. Typhus fever is raging, especially at Camp Czentoschau. The shelter is so miserable that there have been many deaths from frost and general privation. The Warsaw Commissariat is hastily forwarding provisions. A special sanitary corps started yesterday for Czensoschau. The sufferings of the troops are so great that, in the opinion of Berlin military circles, it will be impossible for them to remain encamped two months.

AN EARLY DECISION IMPERATIVE.

Their decision, it is believed, must hasten the decision of the Czar, as the troops must either be given active work or be withdrawn from the frontier.

The Austrians also suffer, being badly housed, but their commissariat is good and the medical staff vigilant. In view of the hardships suffered by the Austrian troops and the sickness prevailing among the Russians, the Vienna war office has decided not to increase the forces on the frontier for the present.

ROUMANIA'S PREPARATIONS.

For strategic reasons connected with the massing of Russian troops in Bessarabia, the headquarters of the third Roumanian army corps has been removed from Ljalatz to Buzeo and the headquarters of the fourth corps and seventh infantry division from Jassy to Roman.

M. Stourdza, a member of the Roemanian Cabinet, has come to Berlin to obtain an insight into Prince Bismarck's views on political and military contingencies involving interests of Reimania.

UNDERVALUATION.

The Sum Filched from the Government Counts in the Hundred Thousands.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—Collector Magone had got along far enough yesterday in the investigation of the invoices which are declared to show gross under-measurement in recent heavy importations of French woolens to submit the claim of the government to the lawyer of the indicted firm.

The collector said that the investigations showed that an undermeasurement on every invoice of about 10,000 metres, and that the average loss per invoice to the government was $3,000. The collector at first said there were 100 invoices of this character, but then said: "Make it 50, to be on the safe side."

The claim of the government will therefore be anywhere from $150,000 to $200,000, and an estimate based on that basis was sent to Bangs, Stetson, Tracy and MacNeagh, representing Charles Barrez & Co., 454 Broome street.

The firm's name was officially learned yesterday for the first time since the dry-goods trade was disturbed by the discovery of the alleged under-measurements.

The lawyers declined to speak of the case against the firm, adding that when the proper time come everything would be satisfactorily straightened out.

It was stated for the firm last night that it can be easily demonstrated that Collector Magone has made a mistake in his premises, and that satisfactory affidavits would be furnished in support of the firm's conduct.

It was further stated that all told the amount due the government, even on the strictest construction of the customs regulations and tariff schedules, will not be over $25,000, and that Mr. Magone offered yesterday to settle the case on a percentage somewhat in excess of the actual duties on the imitations.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Will the Massachusetts Catholics Consent to be Governed by Protestants.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—A Parochial school question received a chapter to itself in the report to the legislature of the joint special committee appointed at the last session to investigate the child labor system in Massachusetts. The majority report says that the present provision of law requiring that the teaching in private schools shall equal in thoroughness and efficiency that of public schools in the same locality is imperative.

The committee recommends that private schools be required to register and return lists of pupils, that school commissioners be required to visit and examine private schools, to pass a vote annually approving or refusing to approve such schools, and that after September 1, 1889, no such private school be approved unless taught by teachers holding certificates of qualification from the School committee, as is required in public schools.

These recommendations, which, if adopted, will place all parochial schools under the charge of a school committee almost certain to be of Protestant complexion, caused a decided sensation in this city, and as the committee supplemented their report with a bill embodying their recommendations, a long and lively fight is promised in the legislature.

WHEAT FIELDS INJURED.

Damaging Reports from the Storm—More Fatalities Among the Cattle—Rivers Frozen to the Bottom.

BURNETT, Tex., Jan. 19.—[Special wire.] Reports are beginning to come in from the wheat districts of serious damage to that cereal, and it is feared that the fall wheat sown in Burnett, Llano, Williamson, and other counties along the Colorado river, has been entirely destroyed by the severe frost.

Definite reports of the loss of cattle during the recent blizzard are slowly coming in, although every one has admits a heavy loss. Sheep men report a loss of from two to twelve head out of every flock.

The Brazos and Colorado rivers are frozen solid, something never known before. The failure of crops last year reduced the supply of feed for cattle, so that a great many have died, however, and the survivors will swell the herds were without water or food.

Reports from the grazing district of the state say that cattle on the southwestern ranges weathered the great blizzard in very good shape. The loss was confined entirely to the sickly and poorly fed. A great many large herds, however, were frostbitten about the legs, and since the weather has moderated, their legs have swollen to almost twice their natural size.

NO USE FOR ANARCHY.

The Green Bay Turners Taking Steps to Have Them Expelled From the Bund.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Jan. 19.—[Special wire.]—The turners of this city have issued a circular letter to the North American Turner Bund asking for the expulsion of the anarchistic element of the organization. They declare that the noble aim of Father Jahn, the noble founder the turners was to educate patriots, defenders of the Fatherland, heroes of liberty, but not rebels, not enemies and destroyers of the government and law. In conclusion they propound these questions:

"Are societies that by word and deed encourage and abet anarchism to remain in the bund, and shall such anarchist be suffered to remain in any society of the turners?

Shall a paper that avows radical principles contradictory to the principles held by a majority of these turners be further tolerated as the official organ of the turner bund?

The starch manufacturers of the Western states held a meeting at Cincinnati at which fifteen of the largest manufacturers were represented. The price of starch was advanced one-fourth of a cent per pound.

THE IRON MARKET.

A Talk from Both Sides of the Question—Carnegie's Opinion of the Present Low Prices.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The depression in the iron market, which has existed since the beginning of the year, has given rise to fears among a number of large manufacturers that a longer continuance of the present conditions may lead to disastrous results, which many of the people interested have expressed a belief that any greater depression of the market is almost certain to paralyze the iron industry, at least temporarily.

Not the least serious of the existing conditions is the uncertainty in regard to the settlement of the wage question in large furnaces and mills.

It having been stated that the present depression in the iron market was due partially to the fact that the great firm of Carnegie Bros. had been bearing the market, and underselling every one, a press representative called on Andrew Carnegie for the purpose of obtaining his statement in regard to the matter.

Mr. Carnegie acknowledged that there was a great depression in the market at the present time, and prices might go still lower. As to underselling the market, he said that if any of his partners in Pittsburg were selling any of the products of their mills and furnaces for less than he could get for them, he would feel alarmed for their sanity.

The total product of their furnaces was, he said, 50,000 tons of pig iron per month. Of this amount they were using 20,000 tons per month for the manufacture of iron in miscellaneous shapes other than steel rails. The rail mill had been shut down because there was no demand for rails at this season. Any surplus of pig iron made at their furnaces was being sold at the best price obtainable.

The market price for pig iron, he said, had not fallen more than the quotations for steel rails; in fact the reduction in price was proportionately equal as regards both products.

It was a legitimate decline of values under the economic law of supply and demand.

As the price of the products has fallen off about 20 per cent, Mr. Carnegie said the manufacturers thought it was only fair to ask the men to submit to a 20 per cent reduction of wages, depending upon a future advance in the market prices for a proportionate advance of wages. But the manufacturers had asked them to submit to only a 10 per cent reduction. If this was not satisfactory to the employes, Mr. Carnegie said that his firm would not only be willing, but would be anxious to submit the question to arbitration.

He did not think that there would be any labor troubles or strikes in the iron industry unless the men refuse this offer. Mr. Carnegie said he would personally be very sorry for the men if they should be so ill advised as to reject the proposed reduction and attempt to coerce the manufacturers into paying more for their labor than the condition of the market warrants.

When questioned as to that Mr. Carnegie's firm produces one-eighth of all the pig iron and steel rails manufactured in this country, and that they employ 10,000 men it may be understood that the gravity of the situation cannot well be exaggerated.

The proposal referred to has been submitted to the men in Mr. Carnegie's employ and they have signified their unwillingness to accept it, but have not indicated their course should the reduction be enforced.

Another gentleman, prominently connected with a company which purchases large amounts of pig iron, was willing to take a view of the market but would not consent to the use of his name under any circumstances.

He said that, while there was some natural causes for the present state of the trade, he was convinced that the conditions were not such as to justify the heavy decline in prices.

It might be claimed, he said, that there was no demand for steel rails and that prices fell accordingly. Under such lack of demand there would also naturally be a falling off in the demand of pig iron.

Under these circumstances he could hardly understand why the steel manufacturers were closing their mills and kept their blast furnaces going. His company, he said, could not make and sell pig iron at a profit, at the figure now quoted by the Carnegies. Last year all the furnaces and mills were kept going constantly, and could then scarcely supply the demand.

Both Bessemer ore and pig iron were imported extensively from Europe to make up the deficiency in the domestic pig iron market.

There would be the same demand this year if it were not for political reasons. He was convinced that the large manufactories were purposely glutting the market with iron to cause a depression.

If this was not the case, he could not realize why they should close their mills, which consume pig iron, and still keep their furnace going in the manufacture of that product.